



The Woman Tempted Me.

# Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.



Miss Annie Aumonier.

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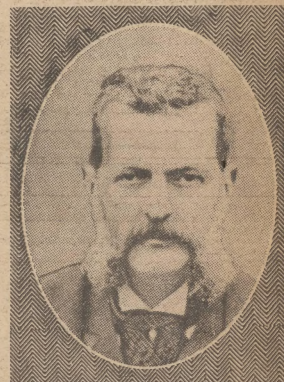
One Halfpenny.

## "MEASURES FOR THE PROTECTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY HAVE BEEN TAKEN."

—Proclamation by General Trepoff, the murderous Dictator at St. Petersburg.



General Trepoff, the iron-handed Dictator of St. Petersburg, who has forbidden the troops to use blank cartridge against the strikers.



Grand Duke Vladimir countersigned the imperial decree appointing Trepoff Governor-General of the city.



Count Witte has been appointed Premier, with wide powers. He has decided to grant the liberty of the Press immediately.

The situation in Russia is grave. A people bent on freedom are offered the alternative of the bullet or the gallows. General Trepoff, the bloodthirsty tyrant, is in charge of the troops in St. Petersburg, and the fear is that he will make the streets run with blood.







## RUSSIA IN THROES OF ANARCHY.

Trepoff Orders Troops to Use  
"No Blank Cartridges."

## TERRORISED CAPITAL

Stories of Fresh Disorders Come  
from All Quarters.

## UNIVERSITY BESIEGED.

Windows and Doors Barricaded  
Against the Troops.

## CITIZEN ARMY.

With a rapidity that is perfectly amazing the revolutionary spirit in Russia spreads, and the Government looks on helplessly while army officers, officials, and students join the ranks of the strikers.

For the moment St. Petersburg and Kharkoff, a large city lying some 500 miles south of Moscow, are the most conspicuous centres of the revolutionary movement, though from every part of the Empire news comes, as far as the interrupted means of communication permit, of fresh strikes and conflicts between civilians and the police. General Trepoff has warned St. Petersburg that "no blank cartridge will be used." In Moscow machine-guns are in readiness. At Odessa a demonstration by the students was dispersed with fixed bayonets. Terrible bloodshed seems imminent.

The way in which the classes who have hitherto been firm adherents of the Government are joining in the movement is the most significant feature of the crisis. Army officers boldly address meetings; officials in all branches of the Government service are ceasing work; the students are making such inflammatory speeches that last night troops surrounded the university at St. Petersburg.

In Kharkoff the students, anticipating the arrival of troops, erected barricades, prepared to offer armed resistance. The situation was so grave that a committee of public safety was hastily formed, and terms by which the students should surrender their arms were arranged.

Last night the Coalition Council of the St. Petersburg University issued a remarkable manifesto calling upon students "to wait day and night with all their strength for the revolution." General Trepoff has ordered the military to occupy the university.

Upon the demand of the Revolutionary Committee, the employees of two banks have gone on strike.

## ST. PETERSBURG IN DARKNESS.

St. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The city this morning presented pretty much the same aspect as yesterday. Strong detachments of troops patrolled all the streets, and fresh troops have arrived from Revel and Ekoff.

The shops are open, and the shutters, which were put up yesterday, have been taken down by order of General Trepoff. The streets this morning were comparatively empty, but during the afternoon large crowds paraded the principal thoroughfares, notwithstanding General Trepoff's proclamation, and despite the general feeling of suspense and anxiety which prevails.

At five o'clock the electric lights went out, and the quarters of the city lit by electricity were plunged in darkness. Business offices are now lighted by candles.

General Trepoff has just given orders to have the university occupied by the military.

The composers of St. Petersburg have decided to strike unless the newspapers are edited in a revolutionary spirit.

The Ministry of Public Instruction has ordered all schools to be closed until October 31.

## TREPOFF'S GRIM ORDER.

St. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The following proclamation by General Trepoff was issued last night:—

"If any disturbances are attempted they will be put down at their inception before they have time to assume a serious character. I have given orders to the troops and police to suppress any such attempts immediately, and the military have been directed to fire ball cartridge if the crowds offer resistance. No blank cartridges will be used. I find it necessary to give this warning to the people

so that every person joining a disorderly crowd may know the risk he takes. In order to avoid grave consequences prudent citizens should not join gatherings having a disorderly purpose."—Reuter.

Moscow, Friday.—The Governor-General has issued a notice to the effect that for the protection of the peaceable residents troops have been posted in all parts of the city, and that these will fire with ball cartridge in case of even the smallest gathering of people, or the slightest sign of criminal intent.—Reuter.

## UNIVERSITY BESIEGED.

Kharkoff, Friday.—Telegraphic communication having been restored, I am enabled to give details of the dramatic events of the past two days.

On October 24, a number of workmen's meetings were held at the university. Expecting the arrival of troops, the students determined to barricade the university and offer armed resistance to the military. Barricades were hastily thrown up composed of telegraph poles and paving-stones, and fortified by wire entanglements.

The archives of the courts of justice were torn up and the fragments thrown into the streets. The university itself was transformed into a fortress, windows and doors being barricaded with huge paving-stones and sacks of coal. The garrison numbered about 3,000. Numbers of red flags with revolutionary inscriptions floated from the roof, and ambulance stations were established at three points.

At midday a large convoy of firearms and swords arrived, and the defenders of the university were quickly armed.

While these events were taking place at the university the armourers' shops in the town were being pillaged, one shop being completely sacked. The crowd was fired on by a detachment of dragoons who laid in ambush. Ten persons were killed and many were injured.

The dregs of the population, taking advantage of the general confusion, attempted to pillage the shops and waylay passers-by in the less frequented quarters of the town, which had been left without police protection.

The precincts of the university were then placed under martial law, the Governor conferring his powers upon Lieutenant-General Mau.

A committee of public safety was immediately formed, composed of the notables of the town, and entered into negotiations with the Governor.

In the meantime detachments of troops arrived from the neighbouring districts. The committee, with the consent of the Governor, entrusted the guarding of the city to a militia composed of armed students and workmen. This citizen army was hailed with enthusiasm by the people.

The committee conferred with General Mau as to the conditions upon which the university should surrender. The conditions proposed by Lieutenant-General Mau were that the besieged should be allowed to leave in liberty if they evacuated their barricades without arms and without singing or shouting. They would then be at liberty to rejoin their comrades at the main meeting on Skobelev square. No arrests and no searches would be made. Their arms must be handed back to the university authorities.

The besieged accepted the conditions, and the entire garrison filed out in silence into the Paul-square.

## STUDENTS BAYONETTED.

ODESSA, Friday.—The situation here continues to be very alarming, and the students at all the high schools, as well as those at the Military High School, have gone out on strike.

The police dispersed a demonstration of students this morning with fixed bayonets, and many young students of both sexes were knocked down.

In consequence of the suspension of traffic on the lines connecting the railway with the harbour the loading of steamers is impossible, and export has practically stopped. Twelve English vessels are obliged to leave without their cargoes.—Reuter.

## CONSCRIPTS INCITED TO REVOLT.

TYLIS, Friday.—The revolutionary party here has issued a proclamation calling upon conscripts to refuse to join the colours, and appealing to the people to support the revolutionary movement with all their power.—Reuter.

## RIFLE SHOP PLUNDERED.

REVAL, Friday.—A hundred and fifty men this afternoon plundered a rifle shop, getting possession of a number of rifles and revolvers.—Reuter.

## INSURING AGAINST MOBS.

With the present outbreak of lawlessness in Russia a steady stream of inquiries for insurance has reached Lloyd's. One Russian nobleman who resides on the outskirts of St. Petersburg has insured his mansion against "mobs and insurgents" for £250,000 at 30s. per cent. Many other prominent Russians have likewise insured their private and business establishments.

The Warsaw police warned the inhabitants yesterday that all persons appearing in the streets after eight o'clock would be arrested and searched.

At Warsaw bodies of strikers are proceeding to factories where work is still going on, breaking the windows and demanding that work shall cease.

## THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Her Grace's Indisposition Rather More  
Serious Than Was Supposed.

The ill-health of the Duchess of Devonshire is causing a certain degree of anxiety.

Though it has been known that, since her return from Newmarket, indisposition has prevented the Duchess from accepting several social engagements, it appears that the nature of the indisposition is more serious than had been generally thought.

Much concern is felt, for her Grace is one of the most popular leaders of society, and has a host of friends.

To few women has it happened to marry two English Dukes, and her romantic attachment to her present husband when he was Marquis of Hartington added to her popularity. Their wedding was a nine-days' wonder.

It is not everyone who is aware that the Duchess of Devonshire is a German by birth, so completely



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

has she identified herself with the country into which she married.

A persona grata with the Royal Family, the Duchess is frequently honoured by visits from the King and Queen at Chatsworth and at Devonshire House, where the Derby night dinner and ball is one of the events of the London season.

A perfect and most faithful hostess, the Duchess is one of the finest bridge players in England, and is also a brilliant conversationalist.

## OTHER DISTINGUISHED INVALIDS.

Several distinguished invalids made good progress yesterday.

Among them were Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; the Archbishop of York, who will, however, require complete rest for a time; Lord Currie, who was informed of his wife's death; and Lord Cottenham.

St. Trevor Chichele Plowden, it is reported, however, lies in a hopeless condition, and Lord Brampton is weaker.

## KING'S TOUCHING FAREWELL.

Reasons Why Swedish Princes Should Not  
Accept Norwegian Throne.

STOCKHOLM, Friday.—King Oscar has addressed to the President of the Storting the following letter: "After having, in the name of Sweden, recognised Norway as a State completely separated from Sweden, I inform you of my decision to relinquish the Crown of Norway, which, notwithstanding all my good intentions, has given me in the course of years so many bitter cares.

"Moreover, I could no longer wear it for the benefit of the country, now that the illegal decision of the Storting has rendered illusory even the suspensive veto of the King.

"In view of the turn which the mutual relations of the two countries have taken, I cannot think it would be conducive to the happiness, either of Sweden or of Norway, that a Prince of my House should accept election as King of Norway.

"Assuredly there would not fail to arise in both countries a feeling of distrust which would turn as much against him as against me.

"I think with all my heart those who, during my reign of thirty-three years, have faithfully served me in Norway, and who may even now bear affection towards their former King. In now bidding farewell I cherish sincere good wishes for them."—Reuter.

Last night the Powers were informed of Sweden's recognition of Norway as a separate State.

## QUEEN AND THE ROYAL CHILDREN.

Queen Alexandra, accompanied by Princess Victoria, leaves St. Pancras by the ordinary train at 12.30 to-day for Sandringham. Her Majesty will spend a considerable part of the winter at Sandringham, her especial care being the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

King Edward will join Colonel Lockwood's shooting party at Bishop's Hall, Essex, on Monday.

## MR. ROOSEVELT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Steamer Collision Forces Him to a  
Hasty Transhipment

## ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

Yesterday was President Roosevelt's forty-seventh birthday, and the day was curiously marked by an accident, which might easily have cost Mr. Roosevelt his life.

The President, says a Reuter message from New Orleans, was on board the lighthouse tender Magnolia, which shortly after midnight collided with a fruit steamer.

The President was so much damaged that the President had to abandon her, being safely transferred to the lighthouse tender Ivy. On the latter went down the Mississippi to the cruiser West Virginia, going on board her at 9.40 and sailing a few minutes later for Hamilton Roads on his way back to Washington.

Both the Magnolia and the fruit steamer Esparta went aground as a result of the collision. The Esparta was pulled off with practically no damage. The Magnolia, however, remains hard aground, and is apparently considerably damaged.

Mr. Roosevelt was spending the night on the Magnolia in order to escape the quarantine regulations.

Miss Roosevelt and party arrived at Jersey City at 7.30 on Thursday night, says the Paris "New York Herald." She went to the home of Mr. Douglas Robinson, of that city, the President's brother-in-law.

"We had a glorious run," said Miss Roosevelt, "and it thrilled me like seeing a horse race. We slowed down between Cheyenne and Omaha, and that is why we did not make a record."

Mr. Harriman stepped off at Arden, his country home. The time from San Francisco was seventy-six hours.

## £10,000 JEWEL ROBBERY.

Gems Stolen at Birmingham Said To Have  
Been Discovered in New York.

From New York comes the news that diamonds and other jewels worth £10,000, stolen from M. Clataner, of Clataner Brothers, jewellers, Paris, whilst on a visit to Birmingham, have been discovered in New York.

The Birmingham Chief Constable has consulted the Treasury, with a view to extradition formalities being proceeded with; but the Treasury decided that they could not move on the information as it then stood.

## SLAIN AT A FEAST.

Murderer of a Moorish Governor Himself  
Falls a Victim to Treachery.

GIBRALTAR, Friday.—The Moor, Pinto, who murdered the Moorish Governor on the frontier, has himself been treacherously murdered, with five others, by Valiente, while celebrating the release of the latter's brother.

The Spanish papers are commenting on the gift of arms and ammunition by the British to Valiente on the occasion of the release of the naval officers.—Exchange.

The "Petit Parisien" Tangier correspondent says that a well-known Arab, who besides being a partner in the French firm of Bonnet, is also a French protégé, has been arrested by Raisuli at his residence, which is only half an hour's journey from Tangier. No explanation was given, and the affair has been brought to the notice of the French Legation.—Reuter.

## MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained to dine last night on board H.M. cruiser Powerful at Port Said.

Gas-workers and milk-drivers have gone on strike at Malmo, in Sweden, with the result that the town is without light and milk.

The Mikado invited 3,000 naval officers to luncheon at the Shiba Palace at Tokyo yesterday, and an equal number for to-day. The event is unprecedented.

Salvage experts who have been trying to refloat H.M.S. Assistance off Gibraltar, and whose operations have been suspended, are of opinion that it is impossible to save the ship.

## TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty, westerly breezes; some showers, with fine intervals; colder.

Lighting-up time, 5.30 p.m.  
Sea passages will be moderate or rather rough.



## COLD CAUSES A RUSH FOR FURS.

London Firm's Stock of £300,000 Nearly Depleted in a Month.

## RECORD PRICES ASKED.

The present cold weather—this month has been the coldest October for many years, and there is no prospect of much rise in the temperature—has had an extraordinary effect upon the demand for furs.

"More furs have been sold during the past month than are usually disposed of throughout the winter," said a fashionable West End furrier to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday.

This particular house had a stock of over £300,000 worth at the beginning of the month; and they had as much as they could do to supply their customers. Almost every sort of fur is fashionable, in spite of the fact that all furs have gone up enormously in price.

### Worth Its Weight in Gold.

Russian sable is what everybody wants, and Russian sable is worth more than its weight in gold. A stole of picked skins can cost anything up to £150, and only a small tie can be got for fifty guineas; while a flat Granny mink, with ornamentations of heads and tails, was priced at £447. Last year it would have cost only £160.

To meet the enormous demand for sables and to suit customers' purses, store-houses are being de-stocked of real Russian sable. When put side by side with the £447 mink, a six-guinea dyed marten looked absolutely genuine, the only difference being in the tail, which is long, rougher, and coarser.

The highest rise in price is in mink, which has gone up 70 per cent., not owing to popularity in England, but from the fact that German buyers have bought enormous stocks and sent up the price. Canadian sables come next in favour with a rise of 60 per cent., single skins selling from 35s. to 65s or 66 apiece. Seal-skin is very expensive this year, a coat selling for £25 a few years ago now fetching as much as £50.

### Bear and Monkey Skins.

Musquash has taken the place of seal, and a new fur for coats is nutria, very much like beaver, but smarter in tone, lighter in weight, and warmer to wear.

Bearskin is coming into fashion again, and next year, if not sooner, it is expected that the old-fashioned round boa will be very much worn, while already stole-shaped wraps are being made.

Another fur promised in the near future is monkey-skin, a long shining black fur, of somewhat coarse hair, but very warm and durable.

All white furs are fashionable, and all sorts of foxes, except the red fox, which can hardly be bought, it is so much out of fashion.

Moleskin still remains fashionable, many people procuring their own skins in the country and having them dressed to their own designs.

A few years ago there were only about six kinds of fur used for wearing purposes, including seal-beaver, ermine, and sable. Now there are dozens, hardly any skin, even a rat's, being disdained—the latter, however, being only used for lining men's coats.

There are endless varieties of astrachan, Persian lamb, broadtail, paw, caracul and Tibetan lamb, grey and light squirrels, opossum, Baum, golden otter, and sea otter, which latter is, however, very rare and expensive.

## TARIFF REFORM CONVERT.

Change in a Newspaper's Policy Points to Fresh Action by Mr. Chamberlain.

Political developments of particular interest are foreshadowed by the Press Association's Birmingham correspondent, who stated yesterday that:—"The 'Birmingham Daily Post,' which has hitherto supported the official Government policy on the 'fiscal question' as laid down in Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech, will, in future, give an unqualified support to Mr. Chamberlain and the policy of the Tariff Reform League."

"As a consequence of this change Mr. A. H. Poulney will from to-morrow cease to be editor of the paper."

When Mr. Chamberlain decided to oppose Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy the 'Birmingham Daily Post' at once came into line with him. Hence the present change is supposed to indicate that Mr. Chamberlain is about to take action.

"The general election is looked for here," says a Birmingham correspondent, "in February, and every preparation for this end is now being made throughout the Midlands."

## CANDIDATE IN TROUBLE.

A nominee of the Labour Party for election to the Reigate Town Council, Ernest Lambourne, was, yesterday, in company with another man, a goods guard like himself, remanded on a charge that he had stolen bacon from a train.

## SNUFF FOR WEAK LUNGS.

Taking the Fragrant Powder Lessens the Risk of Consumption.

"Consumption is due to the decline of snuff-taking," said Mr. T. Heslop, at a meeting of the Lancaster Guardians.

The other guardians present gave vent to a roar of laughter, but, undismayed, Mr. Heslop went on to elaborate this somewhat novel theory.

"During the time it was a universal practice to take snuff, consumption was an unknown disease," he said. "Consumption is a parasite on the lungs, and it can be killed by ground tobacco. I accept that a person who was in the habit of taking snuff being afflicted with consumption."

The Lancaster Guardians went on laughing, and they have not finished laughing yet. Perhaps they would not have given vent to such merriment, however, had they heard the views of a Harley-street specialist, who was interviewed yesterday by the *Daily Mirror*.

"I will not go so far as to say that consumption can actually be prevented by snuff-taking," he said; "but I do not consider the theory one to be jeered at."

Tobacco taken in any form is a disinfectant, and, moreover, the taking of snuff causes one to sneeze, and in this way to keep the air passages perfectly free. If the air passages are kept free the tendency to consumption is of necessity considerably lessened."

## THREAT OF THE WORKLESS.

Will March to Downing-street and Refuse To Take "No" for an Answer.

For the first time during the present unemployed agitation the trade unions are leading their organisations to London's workless, with the result that the two great marches—one of men and the other of women—to Downing-street will be very formidable demonstrations. "When we march to Downing-street," said Mr. Fred Knece, one of the organising committee, to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, "one thing is certain—we shall not take 'no' for an answer."

"If our petition is refused, we shall have another demonstration on somewhat different lines. The agitation is only just beginning."

That the authorities are already alive to the situation is seen by the activity of the police at the daily meetings in the East End. For the first time they are now taking the names and addresses of speakers.

Last night a great meeting of women at Millwall was addressed by Mrs. Crooks and Mrs. Despard (General French's sister). The object of the meeting was to organise the women for their march to Downing-street on November 6.

## PERILS OF THE STREET.

How London Allows Explosives To Be Carted Through Busy Thoroughfares.

Attention was called, at the inquiry yesterday into the alarming fire which broke out on a lorry-load of cans of petroleum in Cornhill, London, to the disquieting fact that there is at present no power to regulate the conveyance of petroleum through the streets.

Colonel Fox of the London Salvage Corps, describing the stopping by him of the carrying to their destination of the full cans, said: "I thought it right to stop this tomfoolery of carrying such explosives on a wagon behind a fire. It is perfectly ridiculous."

The jury found that the fire was caused by spilt leaking from a can and coming into contact with an unprotected lamp, and considered that the carriage of petroleum through the streets should be regulated.

It was stated that the full tins had been stacked in the middle of empty ones, "in case anything should happen." A boy was sitting on the cans, his position being regarded as safe.

## CABINET COUNCIL NEXT WEEK.

A Cabinet Council will probably be held quite early next week. Mr. Lyttelton returns to town to-day, and the Prime Minister on Monday morning, when Mr. Austen Chamberlain also will have returned. Mr. Brodrick is already in town, and several other Ministers are within immediate call.

## UNFAIR TO THE VOTERS.

The Spalding Conservatives will not accept the challenge of Mr. H. Mansfield, M.P., to resign his seat on the first day that Parliament opens, conditional upon the loser at the by-election paying all expenses on both sides, and the winner being unopposed at the general election.

The idea is regarded as inadmissible and unfair to the voters at a general election.

Citizen Sunday will be observed in all churches and chapels in London to-morrow.

## WILLING 'GAOL-BIRDS'

Passive Resisters Proudly Describe Their Experiences in Prison.

## HOW TO GET BACK.

Half a hundred "gaol-birds" gathered at the City Temple yesterday without exciting perceptible interest at Scotland Yard.

Unlike the ordinary gaol fraternity, this strange gathering seriously discussed ways of getting into prisons instead of methods of breaking out.

A Holborn policeman, hearing a rumour of the meeting, slipped unnoticed into the gallery of the City Temple, but soon returned to the street looking crestfallen. Upon questioning the disconsolate constable, the *Daily Mirror* was let into the secret that they weren't real gaol-birds, but only passive resisters celebrating their third annual "Resisters' Day."

However, the Resisters compared the food and treatment at their favourite gaols with as much enthusiasm as hardened criminals. The only speaker of the afternoon "experience" meeting who had not "done time" was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the chairman.

### Five Terms Each.

The report of the secretary of the Passive Resisters' Organisation read like an annual prison statement. That breaking into gaol has become a habit with the Resisters is shown by the fact that 168 prisoners have undergone 231 terms.

Three of the speakers boasted of five terms each, and it was discovered that if one man could have taken on all the sentences he would have languished in gaol for four years.

In opening the meeting, Rev. R. J. Campbell expressed the cheerful hope that Dr. John Clifford would become a gaol-bird within the next year.

The Rev. Udy Bassell, of Birmingham, one of the long-term men, had grown so accustomed to summonses that he had a favourite seat in the "Black Maria." The Rev. J. Johnston, a white-haired clergyman, took equal pride in the fact that he was seventy-four years old, and had spent five days in Wornwood Scullie.

His daughter, who was kept for five days in Holloway Gaol, was the only woman to contribute an account of actual prison experiences to the meeting.

## SIR SHERSTON BAKER.



The Recorder of Barnstable, who altered a sentence of imprisonment for torturing cats to a £5 fine and a hospital contribution.—(Elliott and Fry.)

## "UNSPEAKABLE" LONDON.

General Cronje Gives His Opinion of England in One Quaint Staccato Sentence.

The visit of General Cronje to London was very brief and quite informal.

He, with his wife and two sons, only stayed an hour or two, and then travelled to Southampton.

His comment upon England was, according to the "Pall Mall Gazette," characteristic and brief. "America," he said, "yes, very fine, very big, very quick. But England—London—unspeakable."

## TROUBLE IN LINOTYPE TRADE.

Reference was made at the annual meeting of the Linotype and Machinery Co., Ltd., yesterday, to an advertisement offering, said the chairman, linotype machines for sale, on behalf of what was alleged to be the American Linotype Co.

The board were loth to believe that so honourable a body as the American Board would be guilty of even seeming to lend themselves to "anything so dishonest and dishonourable," as to try, even indirectly, to injure the business of the British company.

Mrs. Swanton, a grandniece of Lord Nelson, has died at Millbrook, Hants.

## BUNGLES OF BUMBLE.

How Lives Were Jeopardised by Official Neglect at Basingstoke.

How our lives may be imperilled through the ineptitude of local authorities forms the subject of a strong indictment of Basingstoke Bumbledom in the "Lancet."

Basingstoke has just experienced a very serious epidemic of typhoid fever. Out of a population of under 10,000, 147 persons were stricken down by the epidemic during a period of twenty-four days, and of these seven died. The disclosures which the "Lancet" now makes on the authority of a correspondent are calculated to fill the population of urban communities with considerable misgivings.

It appears that when the town surveyor returned from his holiday on August 31 he was informed that there had been an overflow of sewage, and upon investigation found that it was due to a plug which had been inserted in one of the channels during examination of the drains earlier in the summer not having been removed when the operations were finished.

The overflow had contaminated the water supply, but the surveyor, having removed the plug, said nothing to the sanitary authorities of the serious mishap which he had discovered.

On September 18 two cases of typhoid fever were notified, yet no warning was given by the Corporation or the health authority to the ratepayers although the contamination of the water must have been known to them. In fact, the "Lancet's" correspondent says that the town clerk wrote to him that it was impossible to warn all the ratepayers after September 18.

"This statement," comments the "Lancet," "strikes us as rather silly; we are certain that if the Basingstoke ratepayers had been behindhand with their rates they would have been notified of the fact without any delay."

The questions naturally arise: How did an irresponsible workman come to plug a sewer? Why did the surveyor not report this fact? Why did not the corporation notify the townspeople that there was danger?

## IN TIME FOR THE SOUP.

170 Turtles on Their Way to London for Lord Mayor's Day.

In a fortnight's time the Lord Mayor's banquet will take place at the Mansion House. Next week 170 live turtles will arrive in London from Jamaica.

Whether all the turtles in question have come from the West Indies in order to take part in the banquet is not quite clear, but the coincidence is a suggestive one.

With the cold weather, the turtle soup season, indeed, has commenced in earnest, and the demand in London is very great.

Thirty turtles arrived at Mr. T. K. Bellis's City warehouse last week. Each weighed about 250lb., and altogether they will yield 1,000 quarts of soup—enough for 2,000 aldermen.

## AN UNPROTECTED COLONY.

Withdrawal of Troops from the West Indies To Be Proceeded With.

Mr. Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, has declined to receive a deputation from the West Indian Committee on the subject of the withdrawal of white troops from the West Indies.

His refusal is based on the fact that the Government, after fully considering all the arguments placed before them by the West Indian Committee, both by deputation and in letters, have definitely decided to withdraw the British infantry at present stationed in the West Indian Colonies.

A meeting of the West Indian Committee will be summoned immediately, and it is probable that Mr. A. J. Balfour will be asked to receive the deputation.

## MR. SHAW'S PARTHIAN SHOT.

Mr. Bernard Shaw writes as follows to the "Times"—

"Mr. Stephen Coleridge translated 'öffentlich und unmissverständlich verlangte' as 'importuned.' A duped Press, a disgusted public, a needlessly wounded circle of private friends, and a slandered journalist are waiting for an apology, not for further selections."

The German words quoted mean, literally, "publicly and unmistakably demanded."

## ROPE MADE OF BED-CLOTHES.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Gustave Rolland, a gipsy convict, who recently escaped from the French penal settlement at Guiana, but was caught and locked up in Tarascon Prison, has again broken out. He broke out of his cell and climbed down a tower of about 150ft. by means of a rope made of his bed-clothes.



## "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE."

Count Denies That He Was a Quack or Cruel to His Wife.

### HIS MAGIC REMEDY.

That romantic figure, Gustave Leon Albert Count de Hamil de Manin, went into the witness-box of the Divorce Court yesterday and told the audience whose admiration he has compelled that besides being a Count of France, of almost endless lineage, he has been during his career an amateur medical man.

Mr. Barnard, K.C., on behalf of the Countess, who is seeking a divorce from the Count, suggested that the Count had made his living as a "quack doctor"; but this, to the relief of the audience, the Count denied.

As he stood in the witness-box the Count presented an appearance that everybody who beheld him agreed would look its best in chain armour, sitting on the back of a destrier. Twentieth century morning costume seemed to be out of keeping with him. He is a handsome man with a handsome chivalric black moustache. His famous sword he had left at home.

### Haughty Demeanour.

As a matter of fact, somewhat to the disappointment of a section of his admirers, he denies that he handles this sword unsheathed. Upon the Countess's story of his having brandished it to her terror he throws the gravest doubt.

"It was in tones thrilling with indignation that he repudiated the suggestion that he had caught hold of the Countess by her shoulders.

"Am I the sort of man who would lay a finger on a woman?" he demanded, as he surveyed the Count with head thrown back haughtily. "I declare before my God I did not touch her!"

The Judge took a sideways glance at the last of the line of de Hamil de Manin, and remarked: "It has just been stated that you were bound over in a police-court, after a charge of assaulting a woman. We must treat you as an ordinary man. Don't put yourself forward as a man, of any particular qualifications."

So by the absurd convention of the Divorce Court the Count was treated as an ordinary respondent, not as a Count of France, the flower of chivalry, with the blood of numberless sieurs and vicomtes coursing through his veins.

### Love Letters to a Servant.

Another disappointment awaited the spectators. Mr. Barnard had promised to read the poetical love letters, addressed by the Count to a young servant girl, named Rose, but this was decided to be unnecessary.

One little extract served to hint how poetical these letters were. Mr. Barnard read this before he was interrupted:—

"My Own Sweet Love, I have been awfully depressed and worried."

The medical reminiscences of the Count, however, were not continued. Mr. Barnard asked him whether, before his marriage, he had told his wife that he had £2,000 a year. This the Count denied. He had said that he was not in a position to marry.

What did he do for a living? Mr. Barnard queried.

"I taught French," replied the Count sorrowfully.

"And what else did you do?" asked the persistent K.C. "Were you a quack doctor?"

With great condensation the Count explained what had happened. He had treated medically his private friends and the poor.

How beneficial the Count had intended to be to his private friends and the poor Mr. Barnard insisted on explaining. He read a circular which the Count had had printed. The circular said:—

"I will be glad if you will ventilate the marvelous remedies I have in my possession. Nature teaches us that by small means great results are attained. It is by a discovery based on this principle that I find myself in possession of certain remedies entirely drawn from the vegetable kingdom, and perfectly harmless."

### Would Cure 319 Maladies.

These remedies, the circular went on to declare, cured certain incurable diseases and were useful in the case of a list of maladies, detailed by name, amounting to one huge total of 319.

Among other things that the Count told the Court was that his wife once proposed to go out to post some letters wearing her dressing-gown and slippers, and with her hair hanging down. He rushed to the door to prevent her making a public appearance in this unbecoming attire, and it was then that she pushed his head through a pane of plate-glass.

Like all poets, the Count once used to wear his hair long, but this was when he was twenty years of age, he says. In connection with his hair a curious point arose. He has brought a counter-charge against his wife accusing her of having been friendly with "a dark young man with long hair." This "dark young man with long hair," the Countess's lawyers suggest, was the Count himself. The case was adjourned.

## RECORD FOOTBALL.

Unprecedented Interest in the New Zealanders' Match at Leicester.

The interest which is being taken in the match between the New Zealanders and the Midland Counties at Leicester to-day is without precedent in the history of Rugby football in the Midlands.

Days ago all the seating accommodation (3,000) had been taken up, and the "All Blacks" look like performing before the record gate of the four. The splendidly-appointed ground of the Leicester Club is estimated to hold 21,000 people, but it is quite possible that even this will be inadequate to accommodate the would-be spectators.

Excursions are being run from all parts, including London, Manchester, and Birmingham, while, in addition, nearly all the big schools in the district are sending contingents of boys in charge of masters. A number of prominent members of the Welsh Rugby Union will also be present, and will endeavour to carry back with them a few winkles as to how to play football.

The New Zealanders arrived in Leicester on Thursday, and yesterday they turned out for a practice game. The fifteen doing duty for the Midlands undoubtedly constitutes a strong side, and the Colonials are not leaving anything to chance. The Midlands, it may be explained, will play the five-eight formation.

The New Zealanders have so far had a sequence of twelve victories, beating all manner of clubs under many conditions. Their aggregate of points is 429, made up by 60 goals and 44 tries, against 10 points.

When they were at Leicester a month ago they beat the Leicester Club by 5 goals and 1 try to nothing. To-day's match is against a combined side of the Midland Counties, but seven of the players were members of the Leicester team which lost on the last day of September.

### "LIKE MAHOMET'S COFFIN."

Position of Officer in South Africa After the War Puzzles the Judge.

Interest in the doings of the War Stores Commission has dropped considerably. There were not a dozen people in the gallery when the inquiry was resumed at the Law Courts yesterday.

Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong, financial adviser to Lord Kitchener, said that he was not in a position to ask Colonel Morgan, of the Sales Department, to submit contracts to him. After the departure of Lord Kitchener, he had no instructions defining his duties, or stating to whom he was directly responsible.

"I can't make out what you were in effect," said Mr. Justice Farwell. "It seems to me your position was something like that of Mahomet's coffin."

Lieutenant-General Sir N. Lytton later described the officer as "agent of the War Office to undo negotiations."

The inquiry was adjourned until November 13.

## COLLEGE FOR THIEVES.

Parents Charged with Systematically Teaching Their Children To Steal.

Out of a charge of theft from Mr. Sparks, a Walworth-road draper, arose the charge, heard yesterday at Lambeth, against Charles Gooch, a helmet maker, of Walworth, and his wife, of inciting children to steal.

An undersized child of the prisoners admitted the theft.

Mr. Hopkins: How often do you go out stealing like this?—Nearly every Saturday night.

What do you do with the things when you get them?—Take 'em home.

The little girl further stated that this sort of thing has been going on ever since she remembered.

The parents, who pleaded not guilty, were committed for trial.

## TRAMCARS BEAT MOTOR-CARS.

Tests of tramcar speed have been taken by the "Automobile Club Journal," with a view to showing the absurdity of proposing a speed limit for motor-cars less than that daily obtained in practice on tramways.

A car was found travelling at the rate of 22.70 miles an hour at Leeds, and the average rate of the Streatham Hill route, London, was found to be 18.36 miles an hour.

## HOOLIGANS TAUGHT JU-JITSU.

According to "La Patrie," the hooligans of Paris have started a school for the study of Japanese wrestling, determined to meet on equal terms the police learning ju-jitsu.

An ex-conviet and ex-prizefighter gives lessons between eleven o'clock at night and two in the morning.

The Workshop-street magistrate yesterday deplored the Education Act did not provide for the birching of children who would not attend school despite their parents' efforts.

## JUDGE INSULTED.

Defiant Anarchist Witness Shows His Contempt for the Law.

### LIBEL SUIT INCIDENTS.

After several wild stories told by professed Anarchists and a lively "breeze" between Judge and counsel, a climax was reached in Mr. Justice Ridley's court yesterday when a notorious Anarchist convict successfully defied the Judge.

The Anarchist libel suit in which Luigi Parmeggiani, an art dealer, claims damages from ex-Inspector Sweeney, grows more dramatic day by day. Opening for the defence yesterday, Mr. Shearman, K.C., stated roundly that the plaintiff, Parmeggiani, had been guilty of the grossest perjury in court. The plaintiff's brother Luigi, who is supposed to have been guilty of the anarchistic acts of which Mr. Sweeney accused plaintiff in his book, died in infancy, said Mr. Shearman.

Counsel asserted that plaintiff was the Anarchist Parmeggiani who had lived with Mme. Caronis; that he had worked as a bookkeeper, while she worked as a dressmaker; that he had been imprisoned in connection with an 'anarchist outrage in Paris, and had been well known as an Anarchist in London.

### Woman's Foolish Fondness.

Further, counsel said that this Parmeggiani was the man who stabbed Cerutti, the Libel editor, when he returned to London he took Cerutti so, and explained how he placed a cork on the blade of the dagger to prevent it going too deep.

Cerutti, said counsel, was probably afraid to come to London to identify him, and so Parmeggiani was discharged at Bow-street. Then, because of his foolish fondness of Mme. Escourat, the plaintiff had become rich and respectable, and no doubt the man who had control of £240,000 was an upholder of property, and had ceased to be a thief.

Mr. Shearman said that if the jury believed these things of the plaintiff he would ask them to allow a farthing damages for it having been suggested that Parmeggiani was a receiver of stolen goods.

Then, Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, having by consent been withdrawn from the case, William Borde, a Goodge-street bookseller, was called.

He said he had seen the plaintiff a thousand times at the Autonomie Club. He had seen him with Pink and Boudier (who was blown up with his own bomb while trying to destroy the Greenwich Observatory). He said he thought the latter "a good fellow of energy and ability."

Asked what Placide Schott (another member of the club) was, the witness answered, "An expatriator of the bourgeoisie."

"Do you mean, in plain English, that he was a robber?" asked Mr. Shearman.

"Yes," said witness coolly, "the description is a matter of taste."

### "Anarchists Not Moved by Money."

Borde admitted he was an Anarchist, but when asked if he still thought it right to murder answered, "I have no answer to that. I am not accused."

After giving further evidence as to Parmeggiani's anarchistic actions in London, Borde declared that he was doing so because plaintiff had deserted "the poor woman Caronis, who had worked hard to keep him alive."

"I receive nothing for coming here. Anarchists cannot be moved with money," he declared, whereat the Court laughed.

Mr. Lawson Walton then raised a strong objection to a pamphlet being put in, and asked that the pink slip which the Judge had should be handed down again. There was a sharp colloquy, which the Judge closed by saying: "It is a document which I asked for, and I mean to keep it."

Then came another scene when the Anarchist Fornari, a convict, was brought into court. The man insisted upon keeping his hat on. He was ordered to remove it, and told he was committing contempt of Court.

"I have no respect for this tribunal," he told the interpreter, but eventually his hat was removed. Then he refused to take the oath.

"I won't swear. I don't believe in anything. I will answer no questions. I am an Anarchist, and cleaner than any magistrate," he declared vehemently.

The Judge said the convict must answer all fair questions, but the man replied: "I shall first of all wait for the questions, and then I will answer true or not." Then he said he would not answer any questions without his hat on, and finally he was allowed to leave the witness-box without any questions being put to him.

The case was again adjourned.

### WATER FAMINE FEARED.

Even if the greatest economy is observed, the contents of the three reservoirs supplying Leicester will only serve the town for forty days. Manufacturers using large quantities of water are alarmed, residents are giving up their baths and swilling operations, and the supply is to be further curtailed.

## MR. WATT AND HIS WIFE.

Amusing Evidence of a Candid Witness as to the "Murder Plot."

Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday was once more occupied for several hours by the serious accusation against Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P., for one of the divisions of Glasgow.

He is charged with having attempted to procure Herbert Marshall, a private inquiry agent, of Regent-street, to murder Mrs. Julia Watt, his former wife, and of having endeavoured to persuade James Shuttle and Thomas Worley to murder Mrs. Julia Watt and Sir Reginald Beauchamp, whose wife has since married Mr. Watt.

James Shuttle, who says he was approached by Mr. Watt to do terrible things to Mrs. Watt, made an entertaining figure during his cross-examination. Worley told him that if he said he was willing to "do the job" Mr. Watt would give him plenty of money.

Mr. Muir (for the defence): Both of you were going to get as much money out of Mr. Watt as you could?—Yes; the more the merrier. (Laughter.) Did Mr. Watt ask you if you had ever done time?—Yes, I said I had done three years for killing a woman.

Then you were just the man for the job?—Just the man. (Laughter.)

Did Mr. Watt advise you, the experienced woman-killer, how to do the job? (Laughter.)—Yes. He advised the use of chloroform.

Did it strike you that there was something wrong with his head?—Well, I thought he was not quite all there.

Mr. Watt suggested, I think, that you should break into Mrs. Watt's room at the hotel in Norfolk-street and hold to her nose a handkerchief steeped in chloroform until she was dead?—Yes. Quite a simple murder?—Yes.

I suppose it did not occur to you that Mrs. Watt might be doing something all the time?—All I was thinking about was getting the money.

Mr. Watt gave him £11 altogether, but after the last gift said he would get no more till the murder was committed.

Mr. Muir: What were you doing for a living at this time?—Catching "mugs" if I could find them.

Witness added that he told Mrs. Watt all about the affair and she gave him half a sovereign.

The case was again adjourned.

## SUBMARINE'S FEARFUL DIVE.

Thrilling Story Told at Court-Martial Upon the Commander of the A4.

A thrilling story of the danger of submarines was told at Portsmouth yesterday, when Lieutenant Martin E. Nasmith was charged before a court-martial on the Victory with hazarding Submarine A4, of which he was in charge, on October 16.

A letter was read stating that when the vessel was being trimmed for the dive the ventilator was not closed. She shipped tons of water, and dived full 90ft.

Three explosions occurred, and it was fully three minutes before she rose to the surface. The crew stuck to their posts without any excitement during this fearful experience.

Sub-Lieutenant Herbert, the second in command, said he could not know the ventilator was open, but had not intended the boat to dive, and Lieutenant Nasmith was found guilty of default and ordered to be reprimanded.

## TRUNK MURDERER'S EFFECTS.

Three People Lay Claim, but They Are To Be Devoted to the Son's Benefit.

A curious light on the value of odds and ends left by a famous murderer was shown yesterday in the contest of three persons to gain possession of the trunkful of effects left by Arthur Devereux, who was executed for the notorious trunk murder.

"No doubt the things have obtained a monetary value," said Mr. Fenwick, at Bow-street, in ordering the Chief Commissioner of Police to hand over the effects to Mr. Pierson, Devereux's solicitor and executor, for the benefit of the little son, Stanley.

Mrs. Gregory, the mother-in-law, laid claim to the property, and a Strand tradesman also claimed the trunk, which he said had never been paid for.

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## PROSPECTS OF THE TEST MATCHES.

### Difficulties in the Way of Sending

#### M.C.C. Team to Australia.

### WHO WILL BE CAPTAIN?

(By F. B. WILSON.)

A considerable amount of nonsense, which to those in the know in cricket circles has been productive of much mirth and merriment, has been written about the M.C.C. on the proposed visit of an English team to Australia in 1906-7.

It would be well to clear up a few misty points in the arguments.

For instance, it has been stated that the M.C.C. are crying off the 1906-7 tour on account of expense. I cannot but think that the perpetrator of that theory is a cynical humorist, who would enjoy a laugh at home at the credulity of his readers.

The question of expense as applied to the game can never be regarded as a vital point by the M.C.C., although, as I may be able to prove, it will eventually arise on the question of fair play.

On this question of fair play. The Australians—there is no distinction among the Colonials between amateur and professional—come over here and make well over three times as much "piece as the greatest English professional can hope to receive (with the exception, of course, of a benefit). Then the English team goes over to Australia and loses, roughly, £1,000 in a tour; but Australia still do well in their own country, as in England. Obviously, therefore, the present system is quite unfair to our professionals.

#### AUSTRALIAN DISAGREEMENTS.

To put the position of the M.C.C. on a clear basis, it is necessary to detail a few facts of the last season. The quarrels, jealousies, and troubles of the Australians are too well known to be detailed. Suffice it to say that a really efficient and representative board of control was found impossible of establishment in Australia owing to bickerings among the different Colonies and clubs. The Australians over here last season had more than one meeting with the M.C.C., and strove hard to put matters on a satisfactory footing, but the Marylebone Club, seeing the likelihood of their being involved in the Colonial quarrel, wisely pulled out and waited developments.

Without a board of control in Australia, the position of the M.C.C. is a difficult one, indeed. For, should they promise to send out a team to Australia on the guarantee of any of the clubs, of whom the Melbourne Club is one, who have approached them, they have no certainty that their team will get either first-class grounds or first-class teams. Imagine an English captain landing in Australia and being politely told that Trumper, Duff, Hill, Noble, and Armstrong did not care to play under the existing conditions; but that there was a nice ground some 300 miles up country, and a willing team to take them on.

#### HOPE OF SETTLEMENT.

It is to be hoped, in spite of the disputes and difficulties that attend the case, that some sort of a representative board of control will shortly be formed in Australia. Within a few months, I think, the Australians will see the condition of affairs for themselves, and patch up or tide over any present feuds, somehow.

Now, if the Australians decide to come to some sort of workable arrangement there is no doubt that an English cricket team, ready and willing to hold up its own end and struggle for those famous "Ashes," will go to Australia in 1906.

After—and, as a matter of fact, before—last season there is no doubt that an All England team, under F. S. Jackson, would, like a cake without the baking-powder, fall flat.

Certainly F. S. Jackson is a very busy man, and it is not so easy for him to "sail away" as it is for many others. But this may be taken for granted. If F. S. Jackson can possibly fix up his numerous affairs and leave them properly attended to, he will be in Australia in the winter of 1906. He is keen to go himself; he is keener still to work with the M.C.C., and he is keenest of all to do his best for the game.

I see the name of A. C. MacLaren mentioned as the "second string"; this I think unlikely, unless he takes on the job as a private speculation, which is improbable, owing to the impossibility of getting first-class professionals without the sanction of the M.C.C., who are backed, heart and soul, by all the county captains.

Commend me at present to P. F. Warner, who is leading this year's England side to South Africa, and who, by the way, was most unlucky not to get a place for England in at least one Test match this year.

#### CONSERVATIVES MARCH OUT.

High words on a point of precedence between Conservatives and Liberals led to extraordinary scenes at yesterday's meeting of the Liverpool City Council.

At last the Conservatives, headed by Sir Charles Petrie, marched out of the chamber, bringing the business to a deadlock.

## LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

By far the oldest licensee-holder in England—Mrs. Elizabeth Johnson, of the Bumper Castle Inn, near York—yesterday celebrated her 101st birthday.

The first matinee of "Captain Drew On Leave" takes place at the New Theatre this afternoon, with Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore in the cast.

Invited by Lord Tredegar to again negotiate for the termination of the dispute, the Risa (Mon.) colliers yesterday rejected the owners' terms, and the strike therefore continues.

Professor Ralph Copeland, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland and Professor of Astronomy at Edinburgh University since 1889, died yesterday at the Observatory, Blackford Hill, in his sixty-ninth year.

Military honours were accorded Sister Georgina Mary, Sister-Superior attached to the Brigade of Foot Guards, who died at St. Andrew's Hospital, near Windsor, and was buried in Clewer churchyard yesterday.

More attention should be given to the manual instruction of feeble-minded children with a view to their future employment and maintenance, said a witness before the Royal Commission on the Care of the Feeble-Minded yesterday.

At Otley a coroner's jury was sworn on what proved to be a book of Common Prayer. A larger book was produced, and the jurymen were duly sworn upon it, only to find at the close of the inquiry that this was a hymn-book. They all had to be sworn on a huge family Bible.

#### LORD DUNBOYNE.



The King's Remembrancer, Lord Dunboyne, is about to resign his office and also the post of Senior Master of the King's Bench Division. He was appointed over 30 years ago.

Its congregation having migrated, St. Peter's Church, Oxford-street, Manchester, is to be razed to the ground.

Portland Bill's new lighthouse, to be opened in January, will have 255,750 candle-power, and be visible eighteen miles away.

The Venerable L. F. M. B. Smith, Archdeacon of Ripon, has been appointed suffragan of Knaresborough, in the diocese of Ripon.

So that children may be made familiar with the confines of the parish, the old ceremony of "beating the bounds" has been revived at Hadley Down, Sussex.

Craster, the little Northumberland fishing village three miles north of Howick, is to have a new harbour made in memory of Captain Craster, who died in the Tibet expedition.

To save a rate Farnhill (West Yorks) residents have voluntarily decided to carry out the necessary spadework in beautifying a piece of public land on the hillside above the village.

Bangor, Co. Down, railway officials found James Lamor apparently fast asleep in the train from Belfast. After many attempts to awaken him they discovered that he was dead.

A dose of Epsom salts was the novel punishment a Middlebrough weighman named Ramsey meted out to his son for stealing some cakes. Summoned for "severely chastising" the lad, Ramsey was bound over.

A farmer's wagon carried the parcels to Hayward's Heath yesterday when the motor-man running between London and Brighton broke down at Staplefield. Thence the letters were carried to their destination by train.

The City Corporation yesterday decided to ascertain whether his Majesty the King of Greece will consent to receive an address of welcome and lunch at the Guildhall on his forthcoming visit to London.

Piccolo Bassano was the name of an Italian who appeared in the City Summons Court yesterday.

In the old town hall in the centre of High-street, Yarm-on-Tees, is an old clock which has kept excellent time for over 900 years.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., arrived at Queenstown yesterday from America, and said he was delighted with his experiences in the States.

Members of the Paris Municipal Council are sending a wreath for to-day's funeral of Mrs. Anne Gould, who was killed in the accident at the opening of Kingsway.

Mr. Ailwyn Fellowes, President of the Board of Agriculture, at Perth yesterday, expressed his willingness to arrange conferences between landowners and tenant farmers with a view to stamping out the rabbit pest.

Permission to live in a railway carriage on some land he had bought was refused a man who applied to the Romford Urban Council. He said he preferred this kind of residence because it was healthier for his family.

At a private gathering in Preston, at which the mayor-elect of Blackpool was present, a proposal to spread the Lancashire mill holidays over a large part of the year was discussed. The object, of course, is to diminish overcrowding at popular seaside resorts.

#### THE LATE SIR C. W. WILSON.



He has just died at Tunbridge Wells in his seventieth year. He saw service in Egypt against Arabi and in the Gordon relief expedition of '85.—(Maucl and Fox.)

With the object of securing the British provision trade, a combination of American meat packers is in formation.

Mr. Percy Burton, formerly connected with the late Sir Henry Irving, has been re-engaged by Sir Charles Wyndham.

Miss Marie Hall, the famous violinist, sails from Southampton to-day for New York, where she will open her American tour.

At Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, prizes are given to parents of the most punctual scholars, and a surprisingly better attendance is the result.

A touch of Gilbertian humour lies in the fact that six magistrates have been appointed to inspect private lunatic asylums in Manchester—a city that does not possess one.

Major-General Sir William Knox's appointment to the command of the 8th Division in succession to Major-General Sir Reginald Pole-Carew, resigned, was gazetted last night.

Frederick John Hibell, a licensed victualler and town councillor, of Coventry, was sentenced at Wolverhampton yesterday to three months' imprisonment with hard labour for embezzlement.

Dwelling on municipal enterprise, a speaker at a Manchester meeting said it was possible that in connection with the tramways they would soon have coffins, labelled for the cemetery, collected from every street corner.

In an editorial note on the County Council by-election at Fulham, the "Railway Review" says: "It is alleged that the working conditions of men employed upon direct work by the L.C.C. are abominable, and that contractors can violate the trade union clause at their sweet will."

## PENILESS PUNTERS.

### Dealers Without Capital a Danger to the Kaffir Market.

### UGHT TO BE CLERKS.

CAPET TOWN, Friday Evening.—To-day on the Stock Exchange it was almost a Black Friday as regards market feelings. Not that there was much harm done. For one thing the Settlement details were hampering business, but there was really not very much liquidation. Still there was that bugbear of markets the discovery of bad spots at the settlement.

This was in the Kaffir section, in the Rhodesian part of the "Kaffir," and in the Banket portion of that market for the most part. One dealer had to be patched up, and apparently yesterday and to-day there was quite a little lot of them running round the City raising £500 or £1,000 to get over the Settlement.

This patching up business is a mistaken kindness. The truth of it is that there are too many peniless punters in the Kaffir market—far more men than there is business for. They are only a danger, and it would be a kindness to themselves and their friends to clear them out.

#### MARKET BOUNCE.

They never ought to be allowed to be trading on their own account. Often without capital, brains, or business connection, they simply have to depend upon market bounce. Their proper place is that of salaried clerks.

When the little misfortunes of these people have been cleared up it will be found that there is not much the matter with markets. True, of course, Russian politics continue to depress Foreigners, and Russian bonds themselves at one time dipped to 90. But when all is said, the Russian political news did not seem to have much effect of an adverse nature even on the International market. That is perhaps the best test of its influence.

The weakness of Consols, which at one time touched 87½, was mainly attributable to quite another cause. There seems to be a chance of a revived French gold demand, and this and the knowledge of a stiff contango at the Consol carry-over next week caused more adverse money talk.

#### INVESTORS IN HOME RAILS.

Of course, most interest centred in Home Rails, apart from the question of any failures in connection with the Kaffir settlement. Home Rails were in the circumstances a very good market. True, they were marked down at first with Kaffirs, and a fairly general fractional concession in values took place.

But it seemed impossible to get them down any further, and the truth seems to be that for every professional speculator scared out of his holding two or three small investors come into the market and take little bits of stock.

And the market is quick enough to see that these people are going to take the stock away, and that they are not likely to see it any more for the small buyer is putting his money on the chance of the trade revival, which is a good deal safer as a chance than most things of late years.

#### AMERICAN UNCERTAINTIES.

Americans feel the money uncertainties, more especially as they are talking of gold exports from New York, and, though the Morgan group seems to be encouraging buyers, other big financial groups are doing very little to help. Consequently the market suffers somewhat. The speculative account open in Canadian Rails, too, causes a little inconvenience, and here also weakness is seen as a result.

We have referred to the Kaffir market in our opening paragraph. Other mining sections also showed some weakness, but the greatest weakness was in those shares which have latterly been rigged up so gaily, things like Esperanzas, Spassky Coppers, and others, being very flat indeed. It is to be feared that a good many daring buyers among the public have lost a little money here.

## IDEAS THE BASIS OF SUCCESS.

### Few Persons Who Have Them Suffer from Want of Employment.

It is now recognised in all quarters that it is knowledge which pays, or, rather, that is paid in every occupation, from that of a day labourer to that of the manager of a large business house. No one can hope to be successful nowadays unless he possesses ideas which will make money either for himself or his employer. Ideas are impossible unless there is a basis of knowledge. The "Harmless Self-Educator" provides the necessary basis, and with its aid the humblest may equip himself for success. All the courses of instruction are written by intensely practical men—who have succeeded themselves, and who now show others how to follow in their footsteps.

And all this is for anyone who can spend a half-penny a day. The price of each fortnightly part is only 7d., and as each part is bought as it comes out the buyer is never a farthing in debt.



THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

The oaks are a glorious sight to-day. Although their leaves began to fall rather early this year, the branches will not be bare until December. Oak leaves make the best possible leaf-mould, so they must be carefully placed in some damp corner to decay. E. F. T.







# by CAMERA

AT LEICESTER TO-DAY.



ster to-day. So far the latter have had but little trouble in defeating the  
nt of testing the visitors' skill to the utmost. Though they can hardly expect  
own. A hard-fought game is sure to be witnessed by thousands.

IRIS.



which has just accomplished a  
London. To ensure the run  
left his starting-handle behind



Mr. V. H. Cartwright, who will  
captain the Midland Counties  
team at Leicester to-day.

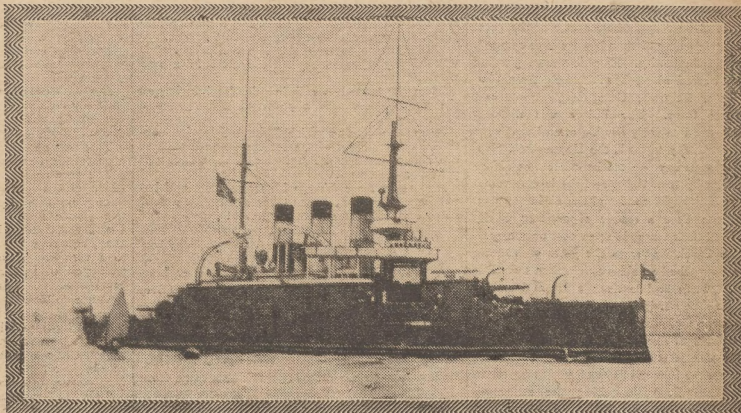
FRENCH WREATH FOR KINGSWAY VICTIM.



at the opening of the Kingsway a woman was run over by a carriage containing  
our members of the Paris Municipal Council. She has since died. The above  
is a photograph of the wreath sent by the Paris Municipal Council.

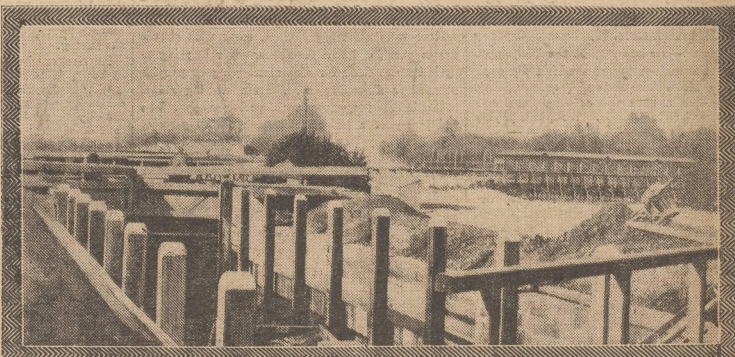
# PICTURES from all PARTS

RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP BURNED UP BY MUTINEERS.



The Kniaz Potemkin has been burned by the mutineers at Sebastopol. In June last this vessel was  
seized by mutineers. After her recapture she was rechristened the Pantebeimo. The other soldiers  
and sailors stationed at Sebastopol are on the verge of revolution.

TEMPORARY LOCK AT MOLESEY.



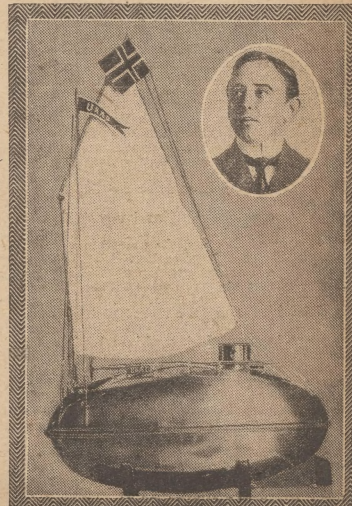
Owing to the increase of traffic on the Thames it has been found necessary to demolish Molesey  
Lock, one of the best-known locks on the river. A new lock, nearly double the size of the old one, is  
in course of construction. Meanwhile this temporary lock has just been completed.

TO ENTERTAIN THE KING.



Colonel Mark Lockwood, M.P., who is to  
entertain King Edward on Monday at his  
beautiful country seat at Bishop's Hall, Rom-  
ford, Essex.—(Thomson.)

BOAT WHICH CROSSED ATLANTIC.



The egg-shaped 18ft. lifeboat Uraed, which  
has just crossed the Atlantic. Inset is her  
skipper, Captain Brude, a young Norwegian.  
He is only twenty-five years of age.



# OUR NEW SERIAL - - - BEGINS TO-DAY.

## CHAPTER I.

It was Saturday night in Leicester. Simon de Montfort, from his niche in the Clock Tower, looked down on a throbbing scene of modern life. The Haymarket, centre of the great city that stands where Roman legions once camped, was alive with humanity. Electric trams, glowing with light, hurried along bewilderingly from Gallowtree Gate, Belgrave Gate, High-street, and Humberstone Gate. The Palace was disgorging its audience into Belgrave Gate, and sending a stream of humanity towards the Haymarket. No stone's throw away the market-place was ablaze with a hundred jets of light, and the hoarse voice of huckster and buyer rendered the night raucous. In Gallowtree Gate a couple of enticing Cheap Jacks hawked their wares in open auction rooms.

From the Clock Tower to the gates of Victoria Park, there stretched an almost unbroken stream of humanity. Lads and lassies; older and staid folk with no time nor inclination to flirt and rally; here and there a pinched, sad face—for the unemployed are with us always.

A couple of men stood in Gallowtree Gate, with their backs to the branch offices of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, watching the streaming crowds.

"Yes," said one of the men, jerking his pipe over his shoulder towards the bank buildings. "I remember Roland Carstairs well, when he first came to Leicester as a young fellow to clerk it in the bank behind us. That was sixteen years ago. After that he went to the Nottingham branch; from there—he got on quickly—to Northampton, as manager of the branch there. He came over pretty often to Leicester—used to stop at the Wellington Hotel. Often seen him there, smoking his cigar and drinking his whisky-and-soda, quiet-looking, good-looking—but not the sort of chap you'd ever dream would embezzle £30,000. Well, he's paying for his fun with five years."

"Must 'ave done nearly four of 'em," said the other.

"Aye. The directors thought no end of him, right up to the last. Plucky, too. They gave him the Royal Humane Society's medal. That was seven years ago, when we had that hard winter, and a long spell of skating over on Groby Pool. I didn't see it happen, though I was on the ice at the time. He was manager at Northampton then, but business used to bring him to Leicester. And after he saved Rose King's life—it was a near thing for both of them—he was in Leicester more often. She was only a slip of a girl in those days."

The speaker nodded, and nudged his companion as a gloriously-figured young man, with a big hat, fur stole, and a cheap, but stylishly-cut coat, brushed past them. There was a certain magnificence and a suggestion of beautiful limbs about her free carriage. Her turbulent hair was black; her lips a vivid red; her full, dark eyes somehow suggested a somewhat undisciplined impulse and warm, generous emotions. But there was a sadness over the striking face.

Rose King passed on her way; but as she did so she cast a wistful glance, embodying a terrible heartache, at the buildings of the bank where once Roland Carstairs clerked it. Her breath came more quickly; the fire in her splendid eyes softened with unshed tears; her bosom rose and fell.

The two men followed her with their eyes.

"Of course," said the better-informed of the two, "She was below Roland Carstairs from a social point of view; but they were seen together a good bit after he'd saved her life. I came across 'em one evening. I'd walked round by Stoughton and Evington, and back through Shady-lane. I came across 'em, and they didn't notice me—till I was almost on 'em."

"Eh; but she's a wonderful-looking lass—an' all!" said the other.

"When they arrested Carstairs, she was taken ill—all but died. She's not forgotten him. I tell you half the lads in Leicester would give their eyes to win her. She's a magnet to men—but she won't so much as look at any of them."

"Eh, by gum; but she 'as got a figure!" said the other.

Rose King went her way. Lads eyed her; but she had no thoughts nor eyes for them. Across the Haymarket she went her way, along Church Gate to where St. Margaret's Church raises its embattled tower a hundred feet to the skies. Almost within the shadow of the mother church of the city, she entered an unpretentious little red-brick house, one of a row. There was tobacco-smoke in the passage, and a clink of glasses came from a room. The young woman's red lips curled bitterly.

Going to her little bed-room, she locked the door. Then, with a low heart-cry, she opened her arms as though she were yielding up her body and soul—but the room was empty.

"Eh," she whispered, a world of impassioned love in her voice. "If I could only be with you to

comfort you;—but I shall be there when you come out. I want to comfort, help you! I'll go with you, if you'll let me be of good!"

But the room was empty.

Presently she unlocked a drawer in a cupboard, and counted the hard-earned saving of nearly four years. She gave a little laugh, almost joyous.

"You'll have to take it," she whispered. "It will help you to make a fresh start in a new world."

Then she turned to a little calendar hanging on the wall. There was a pencilled tick against a date.

It was the date on which Roland Carstairs, one-time bank manager of the Northampton branch of the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, would quit prison a free man.

And again Rose King, with magnificent and impassioned abandon, opened her arms with a low, fierce cry, that came from her heart!

## CHAPTER II.

A yellow fog was rolling northwards over London like a dirty blanket, distorting perspective, muffling sound, and transforming human beings into shadowy phantoms. The atmosphere was charged with a mysterious remoteness and unreality. Instead of God's good dawn, the light hazing through the drizzling murkiness came from street lamps.

Reaching the Caledonian-road and its most conspicuous landmark, Pentonville Prison, the fog wreathed itself fantastically about frowning portal and barred window, and seemed to penetrate into the very marrow of the human shadows gathered round the ponderous gates, waiting for the little wicket to open and render back to the world the daily quota of discharged prisoners.

Here were shivering women, some with shawls drawn over head and shoulders, some hugging to their bosoms little bundles of sleeping or peevish humanity; slouching men, some waiting alone, others huddled together in whispering groups. The red jersey of a Salvationist gave a dull glow of colour to the yellow monotone. God as well as the devil had His representatives at the prison-gates.

Nor was Scotland Yard unrepresented, though "Scotland Yard" was not obviously branded on the solid-featured man whose appearance suggested a respectable artisan. A neckerchief was twisted round his throat; his headpiece a cloth cap. The smoke from his cutty-pipe seemed to be claiming relationship with the fog.

Detective-sergeant Vance had no particular criminal in his mind's eye when he joined the little group of shadows outside the prison; but your conscientious detective studies the criminal on all possible occasions, and Vance was an earnest student of practical criminology. What success he had in this profession was due to quiet method, keen observation, and common-sense reasoning, rather than to those amazingly-brilliant deductions and extraordinary disguises more common to fiction than real life. His personal appearance was sufficiently commonplace and stolid to be of great assistance to him.

Nor was the stock of the humanity about him, and was chiefly interested in the movements of a young woman who hovered restlessly in the shadows cast by the wall that separates the prison approach from the Caledonian-road. She appeared anxious to escape observation.

The fog blurred the details of her dress, and a fur stole partially concealed her face. Her hat was large, and almost crudely picturesque. Figures, as well as features, frequently afford clues to character. There was no suggestion of subtlety about this young woman's bearing. It seemed to embody a passionate, daring, glorious animal—a creature of fire, warm, generous emotions, who would obey impulse rather than reason.

Then the hardest rule of turning key and lock momentarily diverted his thoughts. The sounds added magically on the human shadows, drawing them closer to the prison-gates.

The wicket-door opened grudgingly, and a slinking shadow, a bundle under his arm, stepped out, glanced back, blinked about him dazedly, and then slunk away into the gloom. Others followed, some slinking and cowed, others bravely defiant. Some claimed by peering friend or relative; others unclaimed. All melted away swiftly—shadows into a great shadow.

But Vance continued to smoke his cutty-pipe quietly. So confusing had the fog become that it was almost difficult to distinguish the carriage and general bearing rather than the features of the discharged prisoners. But this was precisely the kind of mental gymnastics dear to Detective-sergeant Vance's heart. It was good schooling.

For a few moments the slow trickle of discharged prisoners ceased. Then, again, the wicket opened grudgingly.

A man stepped out into the yellow gloom and instantly riveted Vance's attention. For a moment the young woman from the Midlands was forgotten.

This was no commonplace gaol-bird. Here was a personality, and an interesting study!

The very poise of the man's head and the easy, distinguished swing of the body proclaimed a strong, purposeful personality. There was no furtive glance back; no looking about for friends. For a moment he loomed out, a striking figure; then, squaring his shoulders with the action of a man who had sloughed his prison-skin and was well quit of it, he stepped swingingly into the murky night.

Vance followed. He never counted it waste of time to study an interesting criminal, and this man had gripped him. As far as features were concerned, he retained no more than a blurred impression of a scrubby-bearded face; but the poise of the head, the set of the shoulders, the very body-swing, told their own unmistakable story.

"Hello!" Vance softly. "Hallo!"

Quite suddenly, as if remembering, the man had altered his bearing, drooping his shoulders, thrusting forward his head, and changing his stride into a slouching shuffle.

Why was he trying to disguise his real personality? In order to escape someone likely to be waiting him at the prison gates? Vance, asking himself these questions, suddenly recalled the young woman from the Midlands, and, happening to glance to his left, just distinguished a woman's moving figure, almost parallel with the man he was shadowing.

He slackened speed, in order to keep them both in view, if possible; but, if impossible, he intended to devote himself to the man. Here was a character worth studying. The question of his identity could be solved at any time by a visit to Pentonville; but it was the man himself and the striking personality that he was endeavouring to conceal under a slouching, commonplace gait, that fascinated Vance. He had no doubt as to the identity of the shadowy figure on the other side of the prison approach. It was the young woman from the Midlands.

Reaching the Caledonian-road the unknown man crossed and entered a tobacconist's shop.

The woman, a glorious and crudely picturesque figure, hovered outside the shop, as if debating in her mind whether to enter or not. Her movements betrayed doubt to Vance, who had taken up a position of vantage in a doorway hard by, when he stood invisible in shadow and fog, pushing tobacco into his pipe, and expecting something to happen.

He had already altered his original theory. Whatever the unknown man's reason for disguising his personality, it was not to deceive the woman shadowing him. Had he realised her presence, and wished to avoid her, assuredly he would not have entered the tobacconist's.

Now he entered a newspaper was tucked under one arm and a cigar between his teeth. Vance, sniffing the fragrant aroma, priced the cigar at ninepence.

Then the dramatic occurred.

A light hazed out above the shop, and as the man stepped into its glow the young woman from the Midlands, as if suddenly assured of his identity, sprang towards him.

Vance saw the man start back, and even caught the words that slipped from his lips:

"Rose King—good God!"

"Aye, Rose King, of Leicester," there was a throb of passionate recklessness in the woman's voice. "I had to be so careful, I couldn't bear the thought of you coming out alone, with no one to greet you. But I wasn't sure of you till now. Don't say you're angered with me. I had to come! I'm nearer to you now than you're down and in trouble than ever I was before. I feel more on a level with you. I want to think that I can comfort you, if only a little. I want you to be as happy as I. It was different once. You did the helping and comforting."

"Rose"—the man's low-noted voice sounded monotonous—"I hoped that you had long ago forgotten me."

"Forgotten you!" The words came almost fiercely from the vivid lips.

"You've been in my thoughts day and night. You've been saying to me and I go with you wherever you go. Let folk say and think what they like. D'ye think I care?"

"You don't know what you are saying." There was a vibration in the man's low voice betraying emotions deeply stirred. "To-night I go abroad and begin my life all over again—another life."

"Take me! Have you forgotten Evington—that evening in 'Shady-lane'?"

The man winced. Then he spoke. "Rose, I never—never harmed you!"

"You did. You made me love you. The

biggest harm a man can do a woman unless he—"

"Rose, before God, I never—"

"Eh, then you were just playing with me." There was a sob in the woman's voice. The man's loose shoulders rose and fell then, suddenly becoming conscious of immediate surroundings—the fog, the passers-by groping their way along the crawling omnibuses and tramcars—he cast a swift, anxious glance to right and left.

"Vance could see, but not hear, save a word now and again. He was still in the wicket of his pipe. His expression was puzzled and a little sorrowful. He was sorry for Rose King, of Leicester.

A hansom cab came crawling slowly along the pavement edge. The unknown said something to the woman quickly. They entered the cab.

Vance followed the cab on foot. The fog was too dense to permit anything but walking pace.

At King's Cross the cab drew up, and the unknown man, his newspaper still tucked under his arm, sprang out alone.

He stood on the pavement edge, his shoulders rising and falling curiously. A handkerchief fluttered from his cab, as it crawled away slowly into the yellow gloom.

And then Rose King, with a low cry, opened her arms with a passionate gesture of desire and longing, as though she would have drawn someone to her heart.

But she was alone.

With a strange sound in his throat, the unknown man buried his face more deeply in his rumpled collar, and turned swiftly into King's Cross Underground Station, passing through the booking-office into the Gray's Inn-road.

Vance followed, in time to see his man pull up sharply under one of the overhead lamps, and open out his newspaper rapidly. The detective halted in the shadow of the station-building. More incident, more mystery promised. The unknown man disposed of Rose King. What was going to happen next?

"Look out for me under the fourth lamp from the entrance," muttered Vance softly. "I shall be holding a newspaper in front of me. Is that it? I fancy so."

To an ordinary spectator, the unknown's attitude would have seemed natural enough. The projecting roof afforded him shelter from the drizzle. And to Vance, who had observed the sudden haste and the precision with which he had pulled up, this conduct seemed neither natural nor spontaneous.

Something was about to happen, and something happened—but it was the unexpected. Suddenly, with a fierce, almost despairing gesture, the unknown crushed up the newspaper, and threw it from him. It was the action of a man hard hit. Forgetting his slouching rôle, he jerked up his head, and strode away rapidly, spurred into purposeless motion.

Vance also was on the move. To obtain possession of the paper from the gutter was the work of a moment. A few quick, silent strides, and he had his man in sight again; but the stern chase proved brief. Suddenly, pulling up and dashing a hand to his eyes, the unknown swung round. As he passed Vance, the latter was standing on the edge of the pavement, very deliberately lighting his pipe, and incidentally screening his face as well as the match with his hands.

"A nasty knock," murmured the detective, a moment later, as he just kept the shadowy figure in view. "Hallo!"

His man had entered a newsagent's shop. When he emerged another paper was tucked under his arm. Vance half closed one eye, and ejaculated "Ah!" softly. The reason of the purchase was plain to him. Another soft "Ah!" escaped him when the unknown, having returned to the station, took up his old position under the fourth lamp, and opened out his paper.

"Whom are we waiting for?" murmured Vance, taking up a position of vantage in a shadow. "Hallo!"

Was his question answered? A woman's tall figure had loomed out abruptly from the yellow haze. Twice she flitted past the man standing under the lamp. Vance half closed one eye. Woman number two had appeared on the scene!

Once again the shadowy woman was fitting, ghostlike, towards the unknown. This time, after a moment's hesitation, she ventured some remark in a low voice. It seemed to Vance that as the man lowered his paper and replied, he hunched his shoulders a trifle more, and buried his chin more deeply in his rumpled collar. But further opportunity for deliberate observation was nipped in the bud. The two figures moved away swiftly. Vance followed cautiously. Presently a hansom cab, drawn up beside a lamp, blurred out from the fog. The two figures came to a standstill. Vance halted, without the radius of the lamp, and with stolid deliberation produced his tobacco-pouch.

Both "class!" he muttered. "The man hunches his shoulders, and fancies he is disguising the fact; the woman puts on a veil and an old gown, and fancies ditto. What's the game? Hallo!"

The woman, stirred by some emotion, had reached out both hands and gripped the man's within her own. It was an action of gratitude. The man shook his head, as in denial. Trust something into the woman's hand, or lost his slouching rôle so far as to raise his hat with the easy gallantry of a well-bred man, then sprang



## BY ANNIE ALMONIER.

"And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat."  
—GENESIS III., 6.

into the cab. A moment later the veiled woman flitted swiftly past Vance; but the unknown man's mysterious, yet marked personality still exercised the greater fascination over the detective. Taking a mental snapshot of the woman's figure and general bearing, without so much as seeming to look at her, he followed the cab that was crawling away at walking pace, its red back-lights winking out through the fog.

When he overtook the vehicle, the driver was growing down the trap in the roof, objecting to some instructions addressed him from within.

"Easter! In a bloomin' fawg like this? 'Ere, if my pace don't suit, git out, and be—"

Before Vance could halt or have recourse to pipe and pouch, the unknown man leapt from the cab, and all but collided with the detective. For a moment they were face to face, the light from the cab-lamp playing on them. Vance, never a muscle of his stolid face moving, stepped to one side. But the other's suspicions were aroused. One searching glance at the detective's face, and the unknown plunged into the greater gloom of the road, and was swallowed up.

Under the circumstances it was hopeless to attempt to overtake him, but Vance was a philosopher. He scratched his chin.

"Anyhow," he reflected, "I've got his newspaper, and as to his identity a call at Pentonville will fix that up!"

Vance returned to King's Cross Station, where he entered the refreshment-bar. Armed with a cup of tea and a bun he seated himself at a table, and almost reverently uncrumpled the newspaper snatched from the gutter.

It proved to be the "Morning Post," and from the manner in which it had been crumpled Vance felt justified in assuming that the news so obviously distressing to this man was on one of two pages. After plodding through the leading articles on the one page he addressed himself to the next, attacking the first column, headed "Court Circular."

A deliberate half-closing of one eye, and "Hullo!" ejaculated softly, indicated a discovery. A sharp indentation, such as a finger-nail might make, directly opposite a certain paragraph, had arrested the detective's attention. The mark was too sharply defined, too much of an incision, to have been caused by crumpling. It might have been made, consciously or unconsciously, by a sudden gripping of the hand grasping the paper. Vance read the paragraph indicated:—

"An engagement is announced between the Honourable Ivor Armatage, second son of Lord and Lady Clivedale, of Clivedale, Sussex, and Clare, daughter of the late Colonel Sir Francis Mainwaring and Lady Mainwaring, of 10, Carlyon-terrace, Cheshyre-road, Chelsea."

Was this indented paragraph responsible for the unknown's distress? Vance fingered his chin doubtfully, as one contemplating the desirability of a shave. Presently, some idea striking him, he turned to the front page of the paper, devoted solely to advertisements. The unknown's discovery of the news that hit him so hard had all the appearance of having been fortuitous; but his meeting with the veiled woman had been obviously prearranged. Theoretically, your prisoner cannot communicate secretly with the outside world; but in practice—

Vance winked, and studied certain advertisements of a personal nature in the second column. Presently, a soft "Hullo!" escaped him. The advertisement, responsible for the ejaculation, read fantastically:—

"MESSENGER FROM MARS.—D.V., 8.15 a.m., Oct. 27, K.K. Fourth lamp from entrance as previously notified.—Z."

To an ordinary reader the message would have given no clue to the place of appointment; but Vance had seen what he had seen. It was no big flight of imagination on his part to expand K.K. into King's Cross; and it was under the fourth lamp from the station entrance that the unknown had taken his stand, shortly after 8 a.m., on this particularly foggy morning of October the 27th.

The detective's stolid face gave but little clue to his thoughts. Having folded up the paper as carefully as though it had been some sacred papyrus that might crumble into dust under a careless touch, he quitted the station, his destination Pentonville. On his arrival at the prison certain official papers relating to the prisoners discharged that morning were promptly placed at his service.

Vance ran a spatulate forefinger down a list of names, with details appended. Presently the travelling finger halted at the name "Roland Carstairs."

### CHAPTER III.

The fog had lifted. The mysterious day, when men seemed shadows and London a shadow-world, had yielded to a starlit night.

Within Charing Cross Station the arrival platform was sprinkled with folk awaiting the late Continental boat-train. A pair of restive horses, pricking up their ears and inclined to caricole, called attention to themselves and a stylish brougham.

As the boat-train crept along the platform, the coachman turned his head, wondering what manner of man his new master might be. Dawkins,

like the rest of Mr. Richard Balshaw's newly-established menage, had been engaged by Mr. John Pym, Mr. Balshaw's private secretary.

John Pym, Mr. Balshaw's private secretary, was pacing the platform. He was a thin-faced man of some thirty-five years, big-eyed, stooping of shoulder, and narrow-chested. The tall forehead gave an expression of intellect to the worn, almost emaciated features. The chin was a little weak; but there was in the full, dark-eyes that pathetic look of fidelity peculiar to many dumb animals. His whole appearance suggested a student whose health had been impaired by too much burning of the midnight oil.

His great eyes dilated with anxious eagerness as a bronze-featured man thrust his head from a window of the slowing train.

A moment later, Richard Balshaw, traveller and hunter of big game, alighted. He carried his right arm in a sling. Women suffered their eyes to rest on him for a moment. More than one man glanced twice at the distinguished-looking traveller.

There was personality and cool determination about the very poise of the man's head. His crisp, vigorous hair was grey-flecked about the temples; but he looked not more than thirty-eight years of age, and in the prime of vitality. This was no poor knight, but one who had evidently roughed it in sun-scorched lands. He looked hard as nails. He might well have been one of those quiet Englishmen who do big things in some remote corner of the Empire, and make history for their country rather than themselves. There was nothing particularly pronounced about his features; but the total ensemble was well-bred and distinguished. The lower jaw was strong. Exposure to the elements had wrinkled threadlike lines round the imperturbable grey eyes, set deep and wide apart. His coarse-fibred moustache was trained away from the face, and brushed upwards.

"Ah, Pym," he said, with a strong, affectionate grip of his gloved left hand. "It's good to see you again. All well?"

"All well, Mr. Balshaw."

While trunks battered with wear, portmanteaux bearing labels that epitomised a story of travel, and gun-cases were being piled atop the station brougham, Balshaw continued on the platform, chatting in a low, well-bred voice with his private secretary.

"Why, yes, I thought it was!" exclaimed a traveller by the same train, hurrying up with outstretched hand. "How are you, Balshaw? By Jove, it must be nearly four years since—but you've changed. I had to look twice to make sure it was you. What have you done to yourself?"

"Added another four years to my life, Ponsonby," replied Balshaw, smiling quietly. "Since we were enjoying Mrs. Wilbsham's hospitality at Nice."

"By the way," said Ponsonby, after discussing old times, "I suppose you've heard of the latest engagement—Miss Mainwaring and young Ivor Armatage? Came as a surprise to most of us."

Mr. Pym, private secretary, had retired a pace or two; but stood within earshot. His sensitive eyes sought Balshaw's face with an expression of watchful nervousness.

"Yes," replied Balshaw quietly. "I saw it announced in the 'Post.' Don't forget to look me up, Ponsonby. Au revoir."

He entered the brougham, followed by Pym. As the vehicle rolled slowly from the station, he produced a monogrammed cigar-case, and, after handing it to his secretary, helped himself.

"Everything in order, John?" he asked quietly.

With an impulsive gesture, Pym laid a hand, thin and white as a woman's, on Balshaw's arm. Anxiety as well as devotion shone from the dark eyes that illumined the worn face like great lamps.

"I have done my best," he whispered tensely.

"But this alteration in your plans, this plunging into London within little more than twelve hours, is madness!"

Balshaw stared with unblinking eyes at the glowing end of his cigar.

"Fate calls," he said slowly. "Fate calls, John."

Then his voice changed, unsteady by some emotion. "Tell me—did Clare Mainwaring write?"

"Yes!" Pym uttered the word grudgingly. "Hers were the only letters I did not open."

Balshaw's breathing was laboured now. Pym gripped his wrist.

"Get the better of yourself and this madness before it is too late. Do you know who I saw in London—only yesterday?"

Balshaw scarcely seemed to be listening. The traffic ahead brought the brougham to a standstill between the lamps, lighting the narrow station exit into the Strand. With a sudden movement, as if the air oppressed him, he lowered the window.

"Rose King!" whispered John Pym.

"I know. She was waiting for me outside Pentonville this morning."

"What?"

But Balshaw made no reply. His eyes dilated suddenly as if readjusting their focus. With a start he dropped back quickly among the cushions. The strong face was grey beneath its bronze tints.

"John," he whispered throatily, "there she is—on the pavement—and that fellow with her shadowed me this morning after I came out!"

(To be continued.)

## INDIGESTION,

WIND-BLOATING, FEAR OF FOOD, DIZZINESS,  
PAINS IN STOMACH AND BACK,

ALL GIVE WAY TO

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

"For many years I suffered from indigestion and biliousness. I tried one medicine and another and dragged on till I grew very weak and nervous. I could not bear the thought of food and when I did eat, as I had to do, it all returned. At times I could not keep even a drop of milk on my stomach. I had awful pains too, in the head, at the chest, and in the back and was bloated with wind. I had grown quite thin and was so weak that when I went out I became sick and dizzy. I became depressed and nervous and would sit brooding over my helpless lot. For nearly a year I was under doctors, but it was not until I tried Mother Seigel's Syrup that any relief came. The first bottle did me a world of good, and when I had finished a second bottle I was almost well. I could eat and sleep, my pain and dizziness left me and I picked up so rapidly that soon I was completely cured. I take the Syrup now, when I feel the need of it and recommend it to my friends." Mrs. Rose Raveskill, 32, Spring Gardens, Doncaster, September 1st, 1905.

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WRITE NOW FOR PAMPHLET AND SAMPLE 1LB. BOX 1/-,  
with instructions for use. A teaspoonful is equal to 1lb. of beefsteak.

"CASUMEN" RENDERS INDIGESTION AND CONSUMPTION IMPOSSIBLE.

A SANATORIUM  
PHYSICIAN writes:—

"CASUMEN has been found of undoubted value in my  
sanatorium in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption."

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STORES, &c.

# COLEMAN'S EXTRA POWERFUL NERVE PILLS

## OVER-TIRED.

When we observe how soon some people are fatigued, it is safe to assume that their nervous system is run down and exhausted.

If people only knew the value of Coleman's Nerve Pills in such cases there would be less nerve-weaks.

If you want to know how to eat well, sleep well, and work well, send for a Free Sample Bottle of Pills at once.

Nervous exhaustion must give way to the invigorating effect of the Phosphorus, Quinine, and Potash in these nerve-bracers. Benefits come quickly.

You are not asked to buy, you are offered them free of charge, and this is the only common-sense way of thoroughly convincing you.

ERADICATE  
MENTAL  
DEPRESSION,  
NERVOUS &  
GENERAL  
DEBILITY,  
LASSITUDE,  
BRAIN-FAIG,  
INSOMNIA,  
& QUICKLY  
PULLS YOU  
TOGETHER  
IN VIGOR  
AND VIM.

The Rev. ARTHUR EVANS

WRITING:—

April 28th, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—It gives me great pleasure to testify to the great benefit I have received from your Nerve Pills. The relief I derived from the free sample bottle led me to take them regularly, and they have quite set me up.

I shall always keep them by me and recommend to my friends and those whom I meet who are suffering as I was from a run-down nervous system.

You may make what use you like of this letter. I am delighted with the Pills.

Yours truly,

(Rev.) ARTHUR EVANS.  
Messrs. Chapman & Co.,  
Norwich.

## SAMPLE BOTTLE SENT GRATIS.

### A FREE OFFER!

You have simply to fill in your name and address, cut it out, place it in an open envelope, affix a halfpenny stamp, address it to Chapman & Co., and by return you will receive the bottle of Pills gratis.

Sold in Bottles, 1/1 and 2/6 by all Chemists. It is unable to obtain after trial, send 13 stamps for small size and 33 for large size, direct to J. Chapman & Co., Ltd., Norwich, who will forward free by post. None are genuine unless the signature J. Chapman & Co., Ltd., is on Government stamp.

### SIGN THIS COUPON.

Send to CHAPMAN & Co., Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich.

Name .....

Address .....

"Daily Mirror," October 28, 1905.

J. CHAPMAN & Co., Ltd., Westwick St., Norwich.

## "THE NORWICH CANARIES"

were in full song last Saturday against the Queen's Park Rangers to the tune of a goal to 0, and now that they have come on full song at home they should also sing well when away. At any rate, whatever they do, I will send you a handsome Norwich Singing Canary direct from Norwich City that will neither suffer from stage or field fright, and that will sing as merrily away as at home, for 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., or 10s. 6d., and after one week's trial, if entire satisfaction is not given, your money will be returned in full. There is no limit to the number of canaries you can order. They travel at my sole risk. Travelling extra 2d. extra. Current Price List of all other Cages and extra. Easiest of easy payment by joining my Bird Club (distance no object). Full particulars with Catalogue and Amateur's Guide, containing 120 illustrations of Birds, Cages, Aviaries, sent on receipt of two stamps to cover postage. Patronized by Royalty at home and abroad. W. RUDOLPH, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

FLAXONS from 2s. 6d.  
Overturning Upright Grand from 10s.  
Pianos by GRAMER, CHAPMAN, HARRISON, BROADWOOD, HUNTER, INGLE, JONES, SPENCER, &c.  
DISCOUNT PRICES for CASH.  
High-Purchase System, or ordinary Hire.  
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100, OXFORD ST., W., and 25, NORTH AVE., E.C.

ENVELOPES AT 1/6 PER 1,000  
over 2 1/2 stamps, and quality in stock. Samples post free.  
LANGLEY & SONS, Unprecedented Value.  
Printer and Manufacturing Stationers  
KINGSTON, WOLFE, GEORGE, THURLEY, N.W.

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# BORWICK'S POWDER

THE BEST  
BAKING  
POWDER  
IN THE WORLD.

## WHY PAY CASH FOR YOUR CAMERA?

For a limited period only  
and many other well-known makes.  
For INSTALLMENTS at CASH PRICES  
CARRIAGE PAID.  
H.D. CATALOGUE sent Post FREE.  
GERARD & CO. 74 SOUTH ST. LONDON E.C.

## Mr. Atkins is cured

Sleep and Appetite Return—  
Chronic Indigestion Cured by  
Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets.

Frederick Thomas Atkins, of Aldershot, has written a message of hope and comfort to every man and woman in the United Kingdom who is burdened and oppressed by sleeplessness, headaches, nervousness, nausea, distress and weariness, caused by indigestion. After suffering for many months from chronic indigestion and dyspepsia, Mr. Atkins has been brought back to health and strength by Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets. The simple statement of his illness and his cure which we publish here, contains facts which you should read and understand.

151, High-street, Aldershot.

"It is with the greatest pleasure that I write to tell you how much good your Iron-Ox Tablets have done me. I suffered severely from chronic indigestion. I had no appetite; indeed, I hated to touch food. Formerly I always suffered from sleeplessness. My condition was further complicated by kidney trouble.

"Now, let me tell you what your Tablets have done for me. The indigestion has disappeared; I have a good appetite, and the pain after eating has completely gone. I sleep soundly now, and the kidney trouble has greatly improved.

"From the bottom of my heart I thank you for the good your Tablets have done me. I am a poor man, but if your Tablets cost twenty shillings instead of one shilling, I would still endeavour to get them."

(Signed) FREDERICK THOMAS ATKINS.

When you realise that Mr. Atkins is now able to sleep soundly, that his appetite is good, that he is no longer troubled by pain after eating, that distress and nausea, nervousness, and despondency have ceased to worry him, you will appreciate that Iron-Ox Tablets have done for him. A few weeks ago he was a weak, tired, unhappy man. Sleepless nights, followed by days of distress and suffering, had so worn down his nervous system, had so affected his whole being, that he was unable to work properly—unable to enjoy life. By strengthening his digestive organs, by regulating his system, Iron-Ox Tablets have removed the indigestion—the cause of all his troubles. Consequently his nerves are

strong and quiet, and he is able to sleep soundly and naturally. His appetite is good. He enjoys his meals, and his system is properly nourished. His blood is pure. He is a strong, hearty, healthy man.

In the fulness of his gratitude for the benefits which he has received from Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets, he has written this letter for you to read. Actual



MR. F. T. ATKINS.

experience has taught him that Iron-Ox Tonic Tablets can bring health and strength and happiness where all else fails. He wants every sufferer to benefit by his experience. He writes to tell you that Iron-Ox Tablets can cure you just as they cured him.

A dainty Aluminium Pocket Packet of 30 Tonic Tablets for 1s. If your chemist has not got them they will be sent post free for 1s. by the Iron-Ox Remedy Co., Ltd., 20, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

# FLANNELETTE

## Non-Flam

### WON'T BURN.

"I feel it my bounden duty to tell you I can never know how much I owe to 'Non-Flam'." While busy cooking a spark must have fallen from the fire, for I saw a flame from over my shoulder—though my dress-skirt was burned, an undershirt of 'Non-Flam' remained complete. I shall never forget my experience, and I am now making my husband nightshirts of 'Non-Flam'. Oh! that mothers would take warning, and buy none but 'Non-Flam'. I am sending sample to many, and will wear no other." (Name and address on application.)

Had Mr. — been wearing an undershirt of ordinary flannelette, we do not hesitate to say the result would have been disastrous—probably fatal. The coroners are continually pointing out that it takes but a spark to instantly ignite a whole flannelette garment, and that the death-roll from this cause is appalling. "NON-FLAM" however, defies all the danger. It will only smoulder even if a light is held to it, and goes out as soon as the light is withdrawn. It is, moreover, very valuable in the prevention of infection. These properties do not come out in the wash. The cost per yard of "NON-FLAM" is very little more than that of ordinary flannelette, while the materials are exactly alike for warmth and comfort.

Send postcard now for free sample and test it for yourself.  
Patentees, "NON-FLAM" (Incl. 40), AYLTON-STREET, CHESTER.

# ATALITIES

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The Great . . .  
BARGAIN SPECIALISTS,

Having just purchased a High-Class "Mauve" Dress, I offer MARVELLOUS BARGAINS.

## Furs! Furs! Furs!

MAGNIFICENT MARMOT SABLE STOLE, 72 inches long, with six Squirrel Tails and Cuffs, Silk Ornaments and Chain, Lined Satin 28/6  
Also a few, 60 inches long . . . . . 18/6  
POUCH-SHAPED MUFTS to match . . . 12/6  
Also NATURAL AUSTRALIAN OPSOPIUM THROVOWERS, 80 inches long, Lined Satin, and Chain . . . . . 19/6  
MUFT TO MATCH, pouch shaped . . . 12/6

These are the GREATEST BARGAINS ever offered in Furs, and MUST NOT BE MISSED.

## DON'T BE GULLED!

THERE ARE NO  
BOOT PROTECTORS  
"JUST AS GOOD AS"  
BLAKEYS

## GIVEN AWAY FREE

TO ADVERTISE OUR  
MINIATURE  
PHOTO-PENDANTS

We are GIVING AWAY \$5,000 worth of Jewellery, consisting of Ladies' and Gent's solid silver and enamelled watches, Gold Bracelets, Cigarette Cases, etc., to everyone who introduces five new customers. These pendants are 18-carat Gold-cased, screw-top, complete with necklet, which we are offering at 1/6 each, they are sold for three times the amount in shops. These miniatures will sell at sight, for they are the most fashionable ornament in the world today, and an article everyone wishes to possess. We will send you five pendants to sell at 1/6 each, with particulars, on receipt of three stamps for postage and packing. This is a chance seldom met with. Write at once to the Manufacturers—  
THE ART MINIATURE CO.,  
Dept. 105, 86, New Street, Birmingham.

## SEEEGER'S

Annual Sale, 362,000 Bottles,  
Dyes the hair a  
Brown, or Black, by  
merely combing it  
through.  
TRIAL BOTTLE 7d.  
Medium from 1/-  
Observation.  
2/- the Case.  
HINDS (WAVEES), Ltd., 2, Tabernacle-street, London, E.C.



# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER—PRIZE AWARDS AND OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS.

## WHO HAS WON?

### NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF CLEVER COMPETITORS.

Once more I have great pleasure in announcing that the last competition (judged now) was an enormous success. Our artist writes: "There was a very large attendance," and this I am delighted to hear.

The first prize of 5s. is given to Max Marshall, 14, Adderbury-grove, Beverley-road, Hull, a little boy of seven years of age. He shows the poor donkey in his dunce's cap abedding tears—I hope of repentance—very clearly and neatly, and well deserves his reward.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. is won by a little girl of only six years of age, whose name is Esca Matthews, Wood View, Hitchin. Our artist has sent me a special little note concerning this effort, which he characterises as "very good for six years old."

The third prize-winner of 2s. 6d. is Archie Adams, 59, St. Benedict's-street, Norwich, another little boy of seven years of age, whose fingering of the pieces of paper is not so neat as

Max Marshall's, so he must endeavour to improve, and then I dare say he will win the first prize, instead of the third. The fourth prize of half a crown is carried off by Madeline Jones, Roseville, Oakhill, Bath, who is eight years old. She writes in a large and clear hand beneath her picture the appropriate rhyme:—

Dunce, dunce, double D.  
Can't say his A, B, C.

Honourable mentions go to Harry Blackley, aged eight years, 121, Honeywell-road, Clapham Junction, S.W., with many thanks also for his letter; to Muriel Willis, eight and a half years old, 26, Beech Grove-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose work is extremely neat, and who has mounted her picture on a fine green card; to Mabel Hardman, aged nine, The Grove, Crosby-road, Waterloo, Liverpool; to Doris Hooper, aged ten, 16, Abbey-terrace, Whitby, Yorks; to Bertram Davis, also aged ten, 39, Lavender-road, Clapham Junction, S.W.; to James H. Gorrell, aged nine, 19, Hartley-street, Oswaldtwistle, Lancs.; and to Leslie Egerer, 61, Pemberton-road, Harringay, London, another child of nine years of age.

To-day we show a picture of the same type as the one of last week—that is to say, a puzzle that has to be cut out and pasted together to form a picture, and we offer the same prizes, namely, one of 5s. and three of 2s. 6d. each. Competitors should send in their work, addressed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up to the first post on Wednesday morning, November 1.



Another queer-looking competition picture, which, when carefully cut out and pieced together, will make something amusing. As to when the children are to send in their efforts, consult the letterpress on this page.

## All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

### CHAPTER LVI. (continued).

Shall death smooth out the tangle that life has made?

In a few moments both men were in Dick's powerful car, making what pace they could in the narrow, tortuous streets, and presently dashing along the open road. They made short work of the five miles, and Dr. Mortimer pulled impatiently at the great bell at the Abbey gates.

The portress, who opened the gates, said that the Lady Superior could see no one, as she was not well.

"We must see her," Dr. Mortimer answered.

"My instructions are to admit no stranger, sir."

"But Miss Vallance is here, is she not?"

"Yes, sir."

"We must see Miss Vallance. It is for that we have come. I am sorry to force my way in. I will take all responsibility."

The portress, knowing him to be a doctor who sometimes attended the sisters, made no further objection; and the two men hurried towards the house.

The great-door stood open; there was not a living soul about. From the distance came the sound of

women's voices singing; it was the hour of the afternoon service.

"I know Lady Ursula's room," muttered the little doctor. "We will go there first. I must make sure."

Their heavy footsteps woke the echoes of the stone-vaulted passage. They reached the little oak door embedded in the thick stone wall. Dick gripped the doctor's arm. From within came the sound of a woman's voice raised to a shriek. It was Lady Ursula's voice, strident, furious, maniacal.

Dr. Mortimer rapped on the door. There was no answer; the voice went on; they could not hear the words, but the tone of it curdled their blood.

"Sabra!" shouted Dick. "Sabra! Are you there?"

A moment's deathly silence; then a strange, faint, faraway cry. Sabra's voice.

"We have come to help you!" the doctor cried, rattling the handle of the door. It was locked.

Lady Ursula's voice rang out again; there was a sound of moving objects. The girl gave a piercing shriek.

Both men put their shoulders to the door, exerting all their strength, but it was no good, the massive door resisted all their efforts.

It was a matter of seconds, but the sweat poured from their brows.

"No good," said the doctor, "we shall never do it." Then he shouted: "We can't get in. Can't you open the door?"



A frock of framboise-coloured cloth, trimmed with black velvet.

## HAPPY MIDDLE-AGED BRIDES. HOW LOVE CAN BRING SUNSHINE INTO LIFE.

"Unk'st, unk'nd," is a very old proverb. But like all such axioms it is not all truth. Some of the most admirable and womanly women who have known very little of "love's sunshine" in their lives own, nevertheless, nothing that is unk'nd in their hearts or natures. And, just as you do not get the true fragrance and sweetness from a flower until you crush it, so sorrow and love-starvation seem in some women to develop a special tenderness and beauty of nature.

On the other hand, there are numbers of women who, as young children, had the love of devoted parents lavished upon them, married early, and have enjoyed all the sunshine of husband and children, remaining throughout life cold and sad. They convey the impression of having been born in an east wind. These are the two extremes.

Certainly for ninety out of a hundred women it is perfectly true that they must live in love's sunshine to live their best. But the woman who has always been surrounded by an atmosphere of affection, who has been petted and made much of all her life, does not appreciate love so much as the woman who has gone without it for a long and dark period. How happy such are when love comes into their lives, and how they enjoy the bright and beautiful change from the dark and sunless pilgrimage of youth!

That is one reason why so many women who marry rather later in life than is customary are so supremely happy. The bride in her teens or twenties doubtless has a sunny surface joy which the older woman does not possess. But the younger one has never known what it is to hunger for love and home and happiness, and, never having felt the blank in her life, never having lived in the darkness, cannot thoroughly appreciate the sunshine and joy that is hers.

A desperate cry answered them.

"The window! The window!"

They turned simultaneously, dashed down the corridor, out of the building, and round the other side into the small courtyard, on to which Lady Ursula's room looked. Blind instinct guided them.

There were two tall, modern windows. A crash of glass, and they were in the room.

An extraordinary and alarming spectacle met their horrified eyes. Sabra, pale, dishevelled, with blood flowing from a wound in her forehead, stood at bay, behind a large oak table she had managed to drag into a corner. Lady Ursula, with the glare of insanity in her eyes, her coil disarranged, her hair streaming behind her, stood in the middle of the room, brandishing a knife, and shrieking in that awful, blood-curdling voice:

"Slay the body—the vile body! Girl, it is for the good of your soul! If thy right eye offend thee—pluck it out!"

(To be continued.)

**ECZEMA**  
AND ALL SKIN DISEASES  
Safely, Speedily, and Effectually Cured by  
**OLIVEX** (Patent).  
Recommended by Thousands. In TUBES, price 1/6. Of all Chemists; or if your chemist does not keep it write to **OLIVEX CO., 31, Falcon Road, Bittersea, London, S.W.**  
Wholesale Depot: Messrs. N. & W. S. SONS, 27, Charterhouse Square, E.C.1.  
Messrs. JOHN SANGER & SONS, Oxford-street, W.

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ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL.  
We supply our pianos direct to the public at factory cost, and allow a month's free trial. Prices from £18 18s. Write to-day for catalogues and instalment terms.  
**MORTON BROS. & CO.**  
(Dept. 8), 19, Highbury Place, London, N.

## DERRY & TOMS. SPECIAL OFFER.



HALL-MARKED CABINET FRAME (as Sketch).  
**KENSINGTON: High St., London, W.**

## MONEY EASILY EARNED IN SPARE TIME.

You can at once add 15s. to 25s. per week to your present income; the work is simple, no goods to sell or buy, no money to collect, no insurance; suitable for men and women, farmers, artisans, railway servants, secretaries and members of clubs, trade-unions and benefit societies, etc., etc. Send postcard, with name and address for particulars—B. and C., 17, 18, and 65, Great Sutton-street, London, E.C.

*LI-NOLA is patent bordered Cork Lino. Write for Booklet.*



## Batesbys' Cork Lino.

THE WIFE WISHES that the Oil-cloth were not so hard to keep clean. Time after time she goes on her knees, and scrubs until her back aches, her knees turn sore, and her head seems to "split." Scrubbing oilcloth is the fougernaut of household work, and should be removed at once. It is quite easy to do so, for anyone can buy **CATESBYS' CORK LINO**, and it is the popular and handsome floor covering which requires no scrubbing.

Samples and Booklets free; and you can buy on Easy Terms or secure the Cash Discount we allow of 2s. in the £1, 3s. by 3s. of **CATESBYS' CORK LINO** for 15s. 9d. Other sizes and prices in proportion. Carriage paid.

## CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

Yds.	Yds.	A Quality.	B Quality.
3 by 3	.....	15s. 6d.	12s. 6d.
3 by 4	.....	18s. 6d.	15s. 6d.
3 by 6	.....	21s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
4 by 4	.....	21s. 6d.	18s. 6d.
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ABSOLUTELY PURE











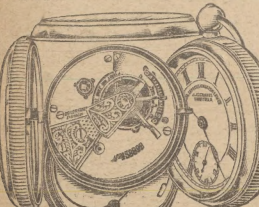
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THE STANDARD BRITISH TIMEKEEPER.



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THE 'EXPRESS' (Trade) English Lever, \$2-10-0 of British Lever watches, made in a pattern. No. 1 Keywind, is for business or hard wear. No. 2 Keyless, for business men and light occupations.



Warranted for Seven Years.  
No. 1. Robust Insurance, showing compensating chronometer balance, fully jewelled, safety winding motion, removable dust and damp proof cap, massive sterling silver case, 6 1/2 oz.  
Send only 5s. as deposit, and the watch will be sent for use and examination. If you are not satisfied, send it back, and yours will be instantly refunded. If satisfactory, you can either complete the purchase by cash, or more monthly payments of 10s. or in one sum with discount advantages. Take full responsibility, and in addition to returning your deposit in full, will pay the return postage. If within seven days you are not completely satisfied, full refund of deposit and postage.  
AGENTS WANTED. GOOD COMMISSION. NO RISK.  
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A Bargain.—Elegant fur, long black, caracul Duchesse Suits; fashionable; broad shoulders; beautifully rich, curly; handsome Muff matching; perfectly new, accept 12s. 6d. approval.—Amy, 7, Pool's, 90, Fleet-st., E.C.4.

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BABY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT, 68 articles, 21s.; exquisitely made; Robes, etc.; approval.—Call or write, Nurse Scott, 251, Uxbridge-st. (private home, near Askew Arms, Shepherd's son).

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CHARLES Mitcham's select, but inexpensive, Evening and Autumn Robes; Novelties; charming range; post free; note new arrival.—56-57, Aldersbury, E.C.

CHARMING Flannel Dressing Gowns, 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 10s. 11d.; each artist sketched free.—Baker, Booty, and Co., Dept. 30D, Wansted.

FURS.—Elegant new Alexandra Dagnar 6ft. Necklet, and handsome Muff, real Russian sable hair, 12s. 6d.; approval.—Elm, 4, Tooting Bec, S.W.

FURS.—Ladies offer magnificent new Alexandra Dagnar necklet and muff; beautiful real Russian sable hair; sacrifice, 10s. 6d.; approval.—Maud, 69, Stockwell-st., S.W.

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232s. 6d. by 40, 234s. 6d. by 40, 236s. 6d. by 40, 238s. 6d. by 40, 240s. 6d. by 40, 242s. 6d. by 40, 244s. 6d. by 40, 246s. 6d. by 40, 248s. 6d. by 40, 250s. 6d. by 40, 252s. 6d. by 40, 254s. 6d. by 40, 256s. 6d. by 40, 258s. 6d. by 40, 260s. 6d. by 40, 262s. 6d. by 40, 264s. 6d. by 40, 266s. 6d. by 40, 268s. 6d. by 40, 270s. 6d. by 40, 272s. 6d. by 40, 274s. 6d. by 40, 276s. 6d. by 40, 278s. 6d. by 40, 280s. 6d. by 40, 282s. 6d. by 40, 284s. 6d. by 40, 286s. 6d. by 40, 288s. 6d. by 40, 290s. 6d. by 40, 292s. 6d. by 40, 294s. 6d. by 40, 296s. 6d. by 40, 298s. 6d. by 40, 300s. 6d. by 40, 302s. 6d. by 40, 304s. 6d. by 40, 306s. 6d. by 40, 308s. 6d. by 40, 310s. 6d. by 40, 312s. 6d. by 40, 314s. 6d. by 40, 316s. 6d. by 40, 318s. 6d. by 40, 320s. 6d. by 40, 322s. 6d. by 40, 324s. 6d. by 40, 326s. 6d. by 40, 328s. 6d. by 40, 330s. 6d. by 40, 332s. 6d. by 40, 334s. 6d. by 40, 336s. 6d. by 40, 338s. 6d. by 40, 340s. 6d. by 40, 342s. 6d. by 40, 344s. 6d. by 40, 346s. 6d. by 40, 348s. 6d. by 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6d. by 40, 586s. 6d. by 40, 588s. 6d. by 40, 590s. 6d. by 40, 592s. 6d. by 40, 594s. 6d. by 40, 596s. 6d. by 40, 598s. 6d. by 40, 600s. 6d. by 40, 602s. 6d. by 40, 604s. 6d. by 40, 606s. 6d. by 40, 608s. 6d. by 40, 610s. 6d. by 40, 612s. 6d. by 40, 614s. 6d. by 40, 616s. 6d. by 40, 618s. 6d. by 40, 620s. 6d. by 40, 622s. 6d. by 40, 624s. 6d. by 40, 626s. 6d. by 40, 628s. 6d. by 40, 630s. 6d. by 40, 632s. 6d. by 40, 634s. 6d. by 40, 636s. 6d. by 40, 638s. 6d. by 40, 640s. 6d. by 40, 642s. 6d. by 40, 644s. 6d. by 40, 646s. 6d. by 40, 648s. 6d. by 40, 650s. 6d. by 40, 652s. 6d. by 40, 654s. 6d. by 40, 656s. 6d. by 40, 658s. 6d. by 40, 660s. 6d. by 40, 662s. 6d. by 40, 664s. 6d. by 40, 666s. 6d. by 40, 668s. 6d. by 40, 670s. 6d